

Sports Illustrated

JULY 20, 1964

30 CENTS

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Offer milady a Tiparillo? If her name is Toramy Grimes, will she call you an ol' coward if you don't?

How are cars from Chrysler Corporation doing in competition?

DODGE AND PLYMOUTH SWEEP TOP SIX PLACES IN DAYTONA FIRECRACKER 400



A. J. Foyt in his '64 Dodge winning the Firecracker 400

DAYTONA INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY, July 4.—Led by A. J. Foyt driving a 1964 Dodge, competition-equipped cars from Chrysler Corporation scored a stunning victory in the Firecracker 400-mile race. '64 Dodge and Plymouth cars swept the top 6 places in this grueling NASCAR race for late model stock cars. In fact, 7 of the first 8 places went to cars from Chrysler Corporation.

Victory in the Firecracker 400 caps an amazing record in open competition for Chrysler Corporation cars. Including 1-2-3 in the Daytona 500, and 1-2 finish in the Charlotte

World 600, the world's largest stock car race.

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Next week

THE SMALLEST MAN in pro football, Tommy McDonald, tells the story of his rigorous boyhood, college years and boxing pro apprenticeship. The first of two installments.

TROTTER'S BIG DADDY, George Merton Levy, did not invent harness racing. He just found it where it had always been and made it a major sport, now celebrating its 25th year.

THE 46TH PGA is held in Columbus, where Arnold Palmer will try for the big one that has eluded him, while local boy Jack Nicklaus and hot Tony Lema try to see that he fails.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



The coxswain of the Vesper Boat Club shell that upset Harvard, California and Yale in the Olympic rowing trials (see page 12) caught the attention of spectators and reporters because he was 47 years old, a hoary age for an Olympic athlete, even a relatively passive one like a coxswain. He caught our eye for a rather different reason and one that wasn't passive at all. Robert Zimonyi, the Vesper cox, an American now, was a Hungarian eight years ago at the Melbourne Olympics. He was one of the Hungarian athletes who defected from their Communist-governed homeland and, with the specific help of this magazine, fled to the U.S. and established completely new lives. Zimonyi and Dr. Zoltan Torok, a 57-

1945 and I don't want to see my Budapest lying in ruins again." Secret meetings were arranged at such places for the defection were made. Of the Hungarian athletes' departure from the Olympic Village, Laguerre wrote: "They trod—by one of those dramatic coincidences which occasionally brighten the drab hues of reality—a road named Liberty Parade."

The road to liberty led them to the U.S.—fencers, gymnasts, swimmers, divers, runners, jumpers, water poloists. Funds were raised to sustain them while they adjusted to the problems of language, loneliness and job finding. Some achieved signal success, like Mihaly Igloi, the track coach who made Hungary a world power in running in the 1950s, has contributed greatly to the progress of such American athletes as Jim Beatty, Jim Grelle and Bob Schul. Joe Gerlach, an Olympic diver in 1956, went to the University of Michigan after he reached the U.S., won national indoor diving titles in 1959 and 1960 and is now a world professional high-diving champion (SI, June 29). Fencers Attila Kerestes and Eugene Hamori of the Melbourne group won places on the U.S. Olympic saber



SI'S LAGUERRE (lower left) meets in Melbourne with Robert Zimonyi (second from right) and other Hungarian defectors.

year-old rowing coach at the time of Melbourne, were the first to seek help in their plans to defect. The bloody and abortive Hungarian revolt against the Communist government and its Russian overlords had taken place shortly before the Games, and the bitterness was deep. In Melbourne, Zimonyi told SI's Andre Laguerre, then chief of our Olympic reporting team and now managing editor, "I saw what the Russians did to Budapest in

team at trials just last weekend. Others left sport and made their way in other fields. Several became teachers. A few returned to Hungary.

Zimonyi, the coxswain, was 39 at the time of the defection in 1956 and had been cox of Hungarian national championship teams for 22 years. This will be his fourth Olympics, his first as an American. We wish him and the others well, both as representatives of the U.S. and as old friends.

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TRAPSHOOTING EVENTS

Schedule through August 1

JULY 17 Minor Gun Club, state shoot, Minn.; N. Dak. (through July 19); Wichita Gun Club, Great Western Handicap, Wichita, Kans. (through July 19)

JULY 18 Coshocton Gun Club, Coshocton, Ohio; Dover Bay Gun Club, Bay Village, Ohio; El Rancho Gun Club, Galloway, Ohio; Knoxville Gun Club, Knoxville, Tenn.; Nichols Gun Club, Jefferson City, Tenn.; Andrews Trap Club, Andrews, Texas (also July 19); Atlantic Gun Club, Atlantic, Iowa (also July 19); Fenwood Shooting Park, Bellevue, Ohio (also July 19); Fort Dodge Gun Club, Iowa Indian Shoot, Fort Dodge, Iowa (also July 19); International Trap and Skeet Club, Los Angeles (also July 19); Nashville Gun Club, Nashville (also July 19); San Antonio Gun Club, San Antonio (also July 19); Wright City Gun Club, Wright City, Mo. (also July 19).

JULY 19 Albion Conservation Club, Albion, Ind.; Anchorage Sportsmen's Association, Anchorage, Alaska; Beams Gun Club, Newton, Ill.; Bellevue Rod and Gun Club, Bellevue, Neb.; Blackhawk Gun Club, Burlington, Iowa; Blue Grass Traps, Lexington, Ky.; Bulling Brovier Gun Club, Brookfield, Mo.; Camp Troy Gun Club, Troy, Ohio; Casa Grande Trap Club, Casa Grande, Ariz.; Central Nebraska Gun Club, O'Neill, Neb.; Clay County Sportsmen's Club, Vermillion, S. Dak.; Cudahy Gun Club, Cudahy, Wis.; Hilltop Trapshooting Gun Club, McCordsville, Ohio; Inaak Walton Gun Club, Bloomfield, Iowa; Inaak Walton Gun Club, Little Rock Gun Club, Little Rock, Ark.; Madison Gun Club, Cottage Grove, Wis.; Mahoning Valley Gun Club, Youngstown, Ohio; Mapleton Gun Club, East Canton, Ohio; Marion Gun Club, Marion, Kans.; Mather Gun Club, Springfield, Ill.; Milford Gun Club, Milford, Ohio; North Lawrence Fish and Game Club, North Lawrence, Ohio; Ohio Sportsmen's League, Copley, Ohio; Osceola Gun Club, Osceola, Iowa; Otter Creek Sportsmen's Club, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Pine Hills Gun Club, West Monroe, La.; Pine Valley Gun Club, Villa Grove, Ill.; Pulaski Outdoorsman Trap Club, Somerset, Ky.; Rocky Mountain Gun Club, Casper, Wyo.; Route 40 Gun Club, Central Ohio Championship, Fairbault, Ohio; Vernon Trap Range, Vernon, Texas; Veterans Sportsmen's Club, Toledo.

JULY 22 Hilltop Gun Club, Paris, Ky.; Sherwood Gun Club, Schererville, Ind.; Stone City Gun Club, Bedford, Ind.

JULY 23 Fisher Brothers Shooting Park, Oklahe Indian Shoot, Findlay, Ohio (through July 26)

JULY 24 Conair Gun Club, San Diego; Inaak Walton Gun Club, Bloomfield, Iowa; Liberty's Shooting Park, 24th Mikan Tournament, Raytown, Mo. (through July 26); Waukesha Gun Club, state shoot, Waukesha, Wis.

JULY 25 Birmingham Gun Club, Wallis Lake, Mich.; Nimrod Shoot and Trap Club, LeGrange, Ohio; Ottawa Gun Club, Ottawa, Kans.; Tri-City Sportsmen's Club, Newport, Ky.; Calgary Gun Club, Alberta-Montana International, Calgary, Alta. (also July 26); Carmel Gun Club, Carmel, Ind. (also July 26); Cheyenne Trap Club, Cheyenne, Wyo. (also

continued)

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July 26) Est. Red and Gun Club, Colorado Springs, Colo. (also July 26), Memphis Gun Club, Memphis (also July 26), New Evansville Gun Club, Evansville, Ind. (also July 26), St. Anthony Gun Club, Anoka, Minn. (also July 26), Twin City Gun Club, Rock Falls, Ill. (also July 26), Ventura County Rod and Gun Club, Ventura, Calif. (also July 26), Ventura Gun Club, Ventura, Iowa (also July 26), Winchester Gun Club, Lubbock, Texas (also July 26)

JULY 26 Airgun Gun Club, Lancaster, Ohio; Hls. Park Gun Club, Markham, Ill.; Blue Wing Gun Club, Fort Madison, Iowa; Capitol Gun Club, Jackson, Miss.; Cheyenne Trap Club, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Clamada Gun Club, Clamada, Iowa; Crocker Gun Club, Storer, Falls, S. Dak.; Crystal Lake Gun Club, Medway, Ohio; DeWitt Gun Club, Decatur, Ill.; Desert Inn-Standard Gun Club, Las Vegas; Fort Worth Gun and Skeet Club, Fort Worth; Fulton County Conservation Club, Rochester, Ind.; Gun River Skeet and Trap Club, Plainfield, Mich.; Henckley Rod and Gun Club, Hensley, Ohio; Hutchinson Trap and Shooting Park, Hutchinson, Kas.; Indian Lake Gun Club, Russell's Point, Ohio; Izack Walton Gun Club, Delmar, Iowa; Izack Walton Gun Club, Medina, Ohio; Jackson County Sportsmen's Club, Jackson, Mich.; Jasper County Gun Club, Newton, Iowa; Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association, Sacubille, Ohio; Lakeshore Sportsmen's Club, Madison, Ohio; McHenry Sportsmen's Club, McHenry, Ill.; Millard Gun Club, Millard, Ohio; Mohican Gun Club, Tipton, Ohio; Mineral Ridge Gun Club, Mineral Ridge, Ohio; Multi-Lakes Conservation Association, Wall Lake, Mich.; Open Range Gun Club, Delphos, Ohio; Peachell Valley Gun Club, Delta, Ohio; Rose Tree Trapshooting Field, Russell, Ky.; Rapid City Gun Club, Rapid City, S. Dak.; Roberts Golden Guernsey Gun Club, Ottumwa, Neb.; Saginaw Gun Club, Saginaw, Mich.; Sarasota Gun Club, Sarasota, Fla.; Sports Acres Gun Club, Great Bend, Kans.; St. Joe Valley Conservation Club, St. Joseph, Ind.; Toledo-Leonwood, Berkes, Ohio; Villa Grove Gun Club, Villa Grove, Ill.; Virginia Gun Club, Virginia, Ill.

JULY 26 Hilltop Gun Club, Paris, Ky.; Manchester Rod and Gun Club, Mansfield, Mo.; Stone City Gun Club, Bedford, Ind.; Whiting Trap Club, Whiting, Ind.; Wolf Creek Gun Club, Perryton, Texas; Memphis Gun Club, Amateur Trapshooting Association, southern zone; Memphis (through Aug. 2)

AUG. 1 201st Conservation Club, Lenoir, Ind.; Cedar Falls Gun Club, state shoot, Cedar Falls, Iowa (through Aug. 2); Denver Municipal Trap Club, Mile High Tournament, Denver (through Aug. 2)

JULY 31 Brandon Gun Club, Brandon, Mont.; Rantless-Ladlow Sportsmen's Club, Rantless, Ill.; Jackson Hole Trap Club, Jackson Hole International, Jackson, Wyo. (through Aug. 2)
AUGUST 1 Dover Bay Gun Club, Bay Village, Ohio; 11 Rambo Gun Club, Galloway, Ohio; Greater Houston Gun Club, Houston; Knoxville Gun Club, Knoxville, Tenn.; Nichols Gun Club, Jefferson City, Tenn.; Brandon Gun Club, Brandon, Mont. (also Aug. 2); Check Gun Club, Amosk Waterbury Valley, Championships, Clinton, Ind. (also Aug. 2); Fenwick Shooting Park, Bellevue, Ohio (also Aug. 2); Hore Gun Club, Flora, Ill. (also Aug. 2); Jefferson Gun Club, Louisville (also Aug. 2)

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SCORECARD

LIE NOW, PLAY LATER

The project is for science and America's race to the moon—so when duty called, USC Coach Forrester Two-good answered. He agreed to let the space people send two of his varsity basketball players to bed for 30 days. They want to study the effects of sustained horizontal positions, and when a basketball player stretches out he is horizontal from here to way over there.

The study is called "Operation Sack-time," and players John Brockman (6-foot-5 forward), Allen Young (6-foot-6 forward) and 11 other students are just concluding three weeks of conditioning so that they can climb into bed physically tired. When they pop out of bed next month—after the simulated physiological equivalent of a 15-day round trip to the moon—the men will undergo more exercises and test spins in USC's human centrifuge.

"This is a serious problem confronting the well-being of future astronauts," says Dr. John P. Meehan Jr. of the USC medical school and a chief investigator on the project. "What NASA hopes to gain from this study is a knowledge of how the superbly conditioned human cardiovascular system adjusts to a change from a horizontal position to one that is vertical."

This also is a serious problem to Coach Two-good. "I want to see if Al and John are better players this season," he says anxiously. "If they are, well... who knows? I just might put my whole team in this program next year."

HUNTED NO MORE

When they become rabid, raccoons lose all fear of men and dogs and often become the hunters rather than the hunted. In Georgia recently, fisherman Charlie Folsom noticed a raccoon ambly by, went back to baiting his hook and was attacked and severely bitten. He killed the animal and experts found it to be rabid—one of 56 confirmed cases in recent months. Folsom was treated and seems to have escaped the disease, but cases like his are stirring new worry in

the Georgia-Florida region. Because the infected animals appear to be moving north, Georgia's fish and game department has banned the oldtime custom of trapping raccoons in the south and releasing them for hunting in the north, where they are scarce. Biggest worry: the raccoons will attack the dogs and spread the disease further. The familiar, melodic baying of the 'coon hounds will not ring out this season.

WICKEDNESS AT WYKAGYL

To every golfer who approached the 4th hole at Wykagyl Country Club last Friday the pin placement looked like a practical joke. The cup was located on the downhill ridge of the two-level green, a location that left 16 of the best professionals in the U.S., competing in the Wykagyl Round Robin for \$25,000 in prizes, unanimously unamused. The pros have a tendency to be angered by even the faintest of pin positions if their putts do not drop. Precious few dropped on Wykagyl's 4th that day.

Fred Hawkins, tournament leader at the time, took three putts, lost three points and the lead. Gene Littler took four putts and might have taken more if his companions had not finally conceded him an eight-footer. The cup sat in so precarious a position that an NBC cameraman raced out to the green to shoot pictures of a player placing a ball above the hole and watching it roll hastily down the hill.

Although eight of the 16 managed to par the hole, the last foursome, in a unique form of protest, found a different solution to Wykagyl's 4th. Tommy Bolt, Jammy Demaret, George Bayer and Tommy Jacobs each hit on the green, a 147-yard par-3, and then they picked up, conceding themselves pars and no loss of points.

"A cute trick," said Tournament Chairman Walter A. Peek, who ruled that the scores would stand, on the basis that the pros forfeited a chance to gain points as well as lose them. "Someone moved the stake I had set out to mark the position for the cup. We'll never

know who. Maybe they got a good laugh."

No one else laughed. Ken Venturi (who had led the field but lost to Texan Miller Barber) said, "The rules said there'd be no gimme putts. It was unfair to those who played out the hole and lost points." Said Bob Rosburg, "If the boys don't want to play by the rules, they should be kicked out."

We quite agree. For good or bad, Wykagyl's mystery hole played the same for all.

MY SON THE GLUTTON

The games started with a good, stiff shot of Cachaca, a fiery sugar-cane alcohol that whets the appetite. Then the 42 contestants sat down, in came the platters of chicken, oxtail, rice, macaroni, salad—and they were off and eating in the Comilões, Brazil's new national event for those who think big.

Comilões means national eating contest, and last week's finals at São Paulo's Ibirapuera Stadium turned into a gymkhana of gluttony. The local gastronomist club found sponsors to provide the food, plus mineral water and beer, and proceeds went to three Brazilian orphan-



ages. (Among the backers was North America's Alka-Seltzer, which insists relief is just a swallow away.) There was only one division—heavyweight, naturally—and the keenly trained stars ate steadily for the regulation 2½ hours. Small talk across the dinner table was outlawed (it is too distracting), and eight inspectors kept things moving. Brazilian TV cameras followed every

continued



Julius Boros, 1963 U.S. Open Champion, plays the Wilson Staff ball.

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SCORECARD *continued*

loaded forkful amid the hurried activities of five cooks, eight waiters and three doctors-in-waiting.

A proud tradition was at stake, er, stake. Winner Eduardo Montefusco, a 222-pounder, munched his way through 23.8 pounds of food. It was short of his club record last year—he was 264 then—but "I kept thinking about the dinner I was going to after the contest," he said. Runner-up Daylon Batti, 193.6 pounds, showed the 1,000 spectators a lot of early stomach but faltered and finished a couple of platters of macaroni off the pace.

The main objective of the contest, explained Club President Doreu Danti, is to "point out the value to good health of rational and sane eating habits." A noble purpose, and let's have none of that nonsense about carrying the winner off the field on our shoulders.

ANYONE GOT A ROW MAP?

The five oarsmen of Havana's Olimpicuba Club didn't show up at the international rowing regatta in Switzerland last week. Sorry to miss the contest, they ruefully cabled officials from Belgrade, 650 miles away. But, *cumbror?* They had thought for sure that Lucerne was in Yugoslavia.

THE LONE STRANGER

If there were a Fun Game of the Month Club, July's easy winner would be the one played by Westerner Leonard Schack. As president of the Denver Saddle Club he rides his five-gated gelding every weekend. As a music lover he straps on a transistor radio and listens to concerts through an earplug while riding. And all the while he is swinging that long aluminum pole with the little cup on the end.

What is Schack doing? He is scooping up strayed golf balls—on the run—from the perimeters of Los Verdes Golf Club where he rides. In two weeks he has cupped 128 balls and he passes them out to business associates. Such activity has not gone unnoticed; Schack reports one caddy came out to the edge of the course and yelled, "Go away, you ol' pack rat!" But such is the hazard of a sport that is not exactly polo and can hardly be considered cricket.

SUSPENSE STORY

The whole suspenseful business with Atlanta and that new sports stadium has been like a mystery novel, and baseball

and football fans across the country have hung on its every chapter. But the story has now outgrown *Gone With the Wind* in size and the readers are growing restless waiting for the punch line.

To synopsise the plot Atlanta is building an \$18 million stadium and there is talk of a million-dollar bonus to the builder if he finishes it by April 15, 1965 (by coincidence the approximate opening date of the baseball season). The next chapter involves finding the team. Unofficial comment insists it will be the Milwaukee Braves; indeed, they look like a sure thing—but there is no official comment. There is talk, too, that the St. Louis Cardinal football crew will announce this week they are relocating in Atlanta.

Atlanta Mayor Ivan Allen reports he has a definite commitment to bring in a major league baseball team but won't say which. Says Allen: "I'm not a Dodger, but I'm very much in favor of Athletics. It would be a Cardinal sin for me not to face this Giant issue. I don't want to offend any of my Yankee friends by showing preference for a team with Red Sox or White Sox. I don't want to be called a Red. I just want to be Brave on the side of the Angels. Does that give you any hint?"

Well, yes, it does. But we have been Brave about this long enough, since it seems apparent the deal is settled. And armchair sports detectives are now entitled to know whodunit. And to whom.

THE AAU GIANT

Where is the giant of U.S. industry, the Amateur Athletic Union asked, to match the challenge of the Soviets? That was in October, but the invitation had no takers until last week, when the giant showed up. It turned out to be Old London Foods, Inc., a New York-based division of The Borden Company, and a maker of bite-size snacks.

What the AAU wanted—and will now get—in some capitalistic help in expanding its 15-year-old Junior Olympic Program for amateur participation in Olympic sports. It wants to reach what it calls America's untapped pool of 60 million eligible kids, plus thousands of volunteer community sponsors. And dealing as it does with supermarkets and grocers across the country, Old London intends to push the program with posters and pamphlets in store displays, school and hometown billboards. The AAU figures Junior Olympics participation will climb from the present 1 1/4 million to more than 10 million youngsters in five or 10 years.

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

and has started gearing to handle more regional and national awards.

Olympic Decathlon Champion Rafer Johnson is a product of the Junior Olympics; the program also included such current Olympic hopefuls as Distance Runner Gerry Lindgren, Pole Vaulter John Pennel and Swimmer Donna de Varona. And with all those yet-to-be tapped kids out there, it looks like little Old London—and free enterprise, too—may have taken a giant step.

OFF TO THE WOODS

Know where the latest In place is? On the beach at Antibes with Noel? In Baja California with the editors of *Vogue*? No. The In place now, for the show-biz set anyway, is off in the Maine boondocks near the tiny town of Beddington. There, 5,000 acres of forests, lakes, streams and seclusion have been set aside for a cozy little group known as the Back Woods Club. The club is a promotion of Earl Harris, production manager of Paramount pay-TV. He got the idea one day when he fell to wondering about all those city-trapped celebrities who take off weekends in private planes "and just fly around with no place to go."

The club will not open until next year, but a woody new cocktail lounge is being built, and when it is finished work will start on a service station. An antique store, a tackle shop and a golf course are down for the future, but already Franchot Tone and John Wayne have signed up, at \$1,000 each, for charter memberships. William Holden and Johnny Carson look like sure bets to join, and Barney Balaban, the big man at Paramount, is mulling it over. Says Harris, "I think Maine has been neglected for long enough."

GOLF CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

They laughed when Tony Lema and Ken Venturi sat down a couple of years ago to sign contracts with F and J brand golf clubs, made by a small, obscure California company. After all, both pros were playing poorly and none of the big sponsors wanted them. Venturi later complained out loud about his awful game, and his autographed putters stacked up like unsold Hula-Hoops. Then came the comeback, rags became riches and the rest of the story is pure soap opera.

Now the lathes are turning like mad. Says San Francisco F and J distributor Wally Bates, "We are getting tremen-

continued



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dous orders from the Orient. The United States Open champ's name means something." Also, since Lema's recent winning streak, the strike-it-rich company reports it can't fill all the orders for Lema-endorsed clubs.

There is a moral for the little man in here somewhere, something about he who has the last laugh.

THE SEAGUING SELL

Let an adman come aboard a ship and chances are he will run an idea up the masthead to see if anybody salutes it. There is little escape from the influence of advertising—and this summer it may even show up in the sea all around us.

The splendid old yacht *Aquila*, built in South Boston in 1901 and owned by a succession of wealthy skippers, is now under the command of John Scott Campbell of Seattle. And Campbell is putting up huge signboards along *Aquila's* upper deck. He intends to sell advertising space and display the signs as the yacht cruises twice daily along the southern California shore between Santa Monica and Redondo Beach.

"There are two million people a day along those beaches," says seagoing adman Campbell overenthusiastically. "A lot more of them will see a sign on the *Aquila* than on one of those advertising airplanes. I hope to make money on southern California and then come back to Seattle to spend it."

It is good old American ingenuity at work, but somehow we cannot bring ourselves to a salute. We hope it will never catch on—how do they say it on Madison Avenue?—yachtingwise.

THEY SAID IT

- Base stealer Maury Wills: "My record [104] is definitely not in danger—not from me, anyway."
- Hurdler Hayes Jones, asked why he prefers racing indoors: "I'm only 5 feet 10 and outdoors everybody's bigger than I am. When I get indoors, though, the spring in the boards and the spring in my legs makes me 7 feet tall and I'm bigger than anybody."
- Two-Ton Tony Gaietto, reminiscing: "I couldn't busted Joe Louis up real good if my manager woulda let me go out there and hit him all over. You know what I mean, hit him all over and explain later. But him and kick him around and do anything you can do. It's a fight, isn't it?"

END



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ANYTHING THAT BOYS

Never since Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club first won the eight-oared event in the 1900 Olympics has the U.S. been represented in eight-oared crew by anything but college boys. Last week, in the unlikely setting of Orchard Beach in The Bronx, two of the best college crews of all time—Harvard and California—came together to settle the question of who would row for the U.S. at Tokyo. They should have stayed at their books. A crusty bunch of adults from Vesper—what, again?—in a dilapidated old shell straight out of a Pogo comic strip left both Harvard and California wallowing in their wake. With a notable lack of inspiration they had named the winning

shell *John B. Kelly* after Vesper's millionaire-bricklayer patron instead of after his daughter Princess Grace, but this was the only thing the Vespers did wrong all week. "A boatload of men will beat a boatload of boys every time," explained Coach Allen Rosenberg, and Bull Halsey could not have said it any better.

Rosenberg is a 32-year-old attorney of jockey size who has been coxing club crews for years. Like the Europeans they will face in Tokyo, the time-tested husbands, fathers, war veterans, political refugees and successful businessmen he has combined in the Vesper boat have all grown up with sweeps in their hands and are not particularly awed by the

Coxswain Zimanyi, 47, calls the cadence for Stroke Bill Stowe, 24. Bill Knecht, 24, Tom



CAN DO

men can do better. That is the fierce belief of the Vesper Boat Club. To prove it, Vesper beat two great college crews for an Olympic berth by TOM C. BRODY

sight of a burly college boy. "We've seen college rowers before," said one of the club crew last week when an eager reporter pointed to their formidable opposition: unbeaten Harvard, unbeaten University of California, and only twice-beaten Yale.

Getting the Vesper boat together was slow work...it did not take effective shape until early summer, when Lieutenants Joe (Air Force) and Tom (Army) Amlong rejoined the crew and Bill Stowe, a onetime Cornell stroke, now a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy, returned from Vietnam. With the Amlongs and Stowe as his principal pieces, Rosenberg began rearranging his boat like a manic

housewife moving furniture in spring.

He put Stowe ("the best in the country," he says) in at stroke. Right behind him, at No. 7, he put Bill Knecht, 34, the father of six and a dynamically successful sheet-metal contractor who kept in touch with his Camden, N.J. office during the trials via a shoreside telephone in a white Chrysler convertible.

Behind Knecht, Rosenberg put the Amlongs, and back of them, at No. 4, he put Boyce Budd, the biggest (207 pounds) and most intense oar in the Vesper boat. A former Yale oarsman, Budd later set a record in pair-oars at Henley while studying at Cambridge. "His style," says Rosenberg, "is classic."

Emory Clark, No. 3, a former Yale and Groton oarsman now working in the trucking business, came to Vesper with Budd. "He caught a bad crab in one race," says Rosenberg, "and he's never made another mistake since."

In back of Clark sit the two babies of the Vesper crew, Hugo Foley and Stanley Cwiklinski, both under 21. Rosenberg forgives Hugo his youth because "even though his experience isn't as great as the others, he's one of the strongest rowers I've ever seen." Cwiklinski, he says, "has the best bladework in the boat, next to Budd."

Facing them all at the stern of the boat, steering and calling the *coxswain*

Amlong, 23. Joe Amlong, 27. Boyce Budd, 34. Emory Clark, 26 and the two Vesper babies, Hugo Foley, 20, and Stan Cwiklinski, 20



cadences, sits the oldest—and almost certainly the toughest—U.S. Olympic contestant of all time: 47-year-old Robert Zimonyi, who defected to America in Melbourne in 1956 after steering more than 180 Hungarian crews to victory. "We had several good coxswains to choose from," said Rosenberg, "but rowing in lanes marked off by buoys can be unnerving. It takes experience." That was what Coxswain Zimonyi, like the rest of the Vesper men, had in abundance.

The Europeans have for some time been selecting eight-oared crews on the basis of ability to move smaller craft: fours, pair-oars, sculls. Unlike most U.S. college oarsmen, the Vespers have spent

forma covered the Olympic distance a length faster than three opponents, and Harvard's exquisite precision gave it an easy victory over three others. Then the Harvard boys in their sleek, cigarette-thin Pocock boat went up against Vesper in that ridiculous, high-sided Italian-built shell whose designer must have been inspired by a Spanish galleon. "She's tippy, all right," said the Vesper's Budd apologetically as he took his seat, "but I swear she goes faster."

She went so fast that within 300 meters in the semifinal race Vesper's crew had left Harvard far behind, and nothing about this boatload of funny old men could be considered funny anymore.



Vesper's only lightweight is Coxswain Zimonyi (left) and Coach Rosenberg, himself a cox.

years practicing in boats like these. When not pulling oars, they are pulling, squeezing, pushing and straining against isometric bars with a fanaticism that would make a football coach ill with envy. "They've been on the weights for years," says Rosenberg. "Just look at them." Upon looking, one's first impression is that the Vesper Boat Club is the naval arm of the Philadelphia Eagles.

Despite their awesome appearance, however, the Vespers got little more than curious looks from rowing experts, who were convinced that Harvard and California had the fastest boats and that one of them was sure to win.

The early heats at Orchard Beach gave the experts no reason to alter their opinions. With its short, quick stroke, Cali-

ford had something of an alibi in this race. Geoffrey Gratwick's back, injured a month before, was aching up. But Coach Harry Parker would as soon have his fingernails yanked out one by one as use an injury to excuse a losing Harvard effort. "We'll be all right tomorrow," he promised, departing for the crew's motel in Larchmont. But, injury or not, Harvard was badly outclassed by a Vesper crew desperately eager to prove its worth in its first tough race. California also had reason for worry, despite an apparently easy victory over Yale in the other semifinal. "You could see signs of fatigue in the Cal boat despite their length lead," said one expert. "It's hard to explain if you haven't rowed yourself. It's like a runner when he's laboring.

You know how he looks—it's as if he were trying to climb up a rope."

The night before the finals the men of Vesper went to bed full of optimism, an attitude that put Rosenberg in the same worrier's class with Harvard's Parker and California's Jim Lemmon. "I told them that I'd had good crews who had managed to blow it before," Rosenberg said later. But Vesper didn't blow it, although for a while it seemed a near thing. Harvard got off to what Parker said was its best start all year and continued to row as if there weren't a bad back in the boat. As for Vesper, Stroke Bill Stowe explained it best: "I hate to say our start was bad. But it was. In fact, it was terrible." One third of the way down the course, Harvard was leading, with California and Vesper a good deck length behind.

"When they got that jump on us," Budd said, "most of my thoughts were obscene. I thought they were out to shake us by getting the quick lead. They got the lead all right, but we don't shake so easy."

About 300 meters farther on, Vesper's superior strength and experience began to tell. The *John B. Kelly* came even with Harvard, which was rowing just as beautifully as ever and at a higher stroke than ever before—35. "I called for 15 right when we got even," said Stowe, "hoping we'd get open water on them. But all we got was three-quarters of a length. After that we couldn't risk going for a record time with things so tight, so we played it cool."

Near the end Harvard made one more magnificent bid, but Stowe simply upped the count of his own boat to nearly 40 to regain control, settled back to a steady 39 and swept on to victory. And that was that.

After the race Coxswain Zimonyi, who knows what it is to win boat races, patiently allowed himself to be tossed into Orchard Beach Lagoon three times, once for tradition's sake, twice more for the benefit of photographers. On the third immersion Tom Amlong called an abrupt halt to the game. "You guys better get it this time," he told the newsmen. "He's got rheumatism, you know." After all, you can't treat an old man like he was just a boy.

END

Grave last-ditch sports by California (bottom) and Harvard failed to catch victorious Vesper.



VICTORIOUS CRUSADE IN THE VALLEY OF SIN

Champagne Tony Lema overcomes some famous foes, gale winds and all of the evilly named hazards on an irritable old golf course to make a runaway of the British Open and win his first major title **by JOHN LOVESEY**

To tell the truth of it, blunt and straight, you do not become a part of golfing history by winning the Thunderbird Classic, the Buck Open and the Cleveland Open, even when the first-prize money adds up to \$48,000 and you do it all in a period of four weeks in one of the most successful and rewarding streaks of golf a player has ever produced. Two weeks ago Tony Lema had just accomplished these things and was trying to decide whether or not he should go to the British Open. He had announced publicly that he was going, but privately he was vacillating. "First he is going and then he isn't," his wife Betty complained. "I don't know, and, believe me, neither does he. Tell me, are other golfers like normal people?"

At the last minute abnormal Tony made up his mind. He finished in the Whitemarsh Open late Sunday afternoon, announced, "I just want to see how they operate things over there," and began a mad dash for that most famous golf course in the world, the site of this year's British Open, St. Andrews. Five days later he had found out that the way they operate things over there suits him fine. He had also won the Open with a brilliant display of nerve and intelligence, won over the dour Scottish galleries and won himself something he never had before, a historic championship.

His victory was more of a rout than a win, and the way he achieved it tells a great deal about Tony Lema. It had been said in the previous week in the U.S. that it would be very difficult for a golfer to play at Whitemarsh and still have a real chance to win the British Open. Arnold Palmer—at a point when he was still going for the Grand Slam—felt it

would be all but impossible to win at St. Andrews, because the long flight and Wednesday starting time would give U.S. golfers only two practice rounds in which to get acclimated to the much different conditions of British golf. Lema was in an even worse position, for he had never played a round of golf in the British Isles, much less at St. Andrews. "Believe me," he said before he left, "I'll take a close look at the course on Monday and Tuesday. I may even take notes." As a rule, Lema is not a note taker—"If I had to carry a notebook I would quit the game," he has said—and he scorned repeated practice rounds on a course, even before major tournaments. "One reason," he says, "is that I have very good depth perception. I can usually tell how far I am from a target even if I have never played the course before." He is, in short, a fast study where learning a golf course is concerned.

So, far from being worried, Lema arrived in Scotland in his normally buoyant and confident frame of mind. He also arrived to be greeted by one Tip Anderson, the caddy Arnold Palmer had used while winning two British Opens and finishing second another time. Palmer had suggested that Lema hire him, and Lema had. (Lema also had the now-famous putter Palmer gave him two months ago. It provokes Lema to be asked about the putter. He smashed his own—as golfers sometimes do—after some misadventures in the Oklahoma City Open, and ended up liking an old one of Palmer's. Lema has putted superbly since getting it, but will thank you to remember that the man waving the putter has something to do with the ball going into the hole.)

Showing his champagne smile, Lema strikes a statuesque pose as he hoists his winner's cup.



Lema soon learned that he was not going to have to take any notes about the course, for Tip Anderson was all the notes any man would need. The bookies, who had installed Jack Nicklaus as the 7-to-2 favorite and Lema second at 7 to 1, had not reckoned with Tip. Meanwhile, Nicklaus, who was also a newcomer to the course, had been following his usual practice of pacing off distances and writing down landmarks, eventually observing that he could not carry enough scorecards to mark down all the bunkers.

The Old Course at St. Andrews is not actually difficult. Cranky is a good word for it and, as with anything temperamental, it can wreak havoc on occasion—and the occasion is often. It presents an enigma which the players who are attracted to it from all over the world never quite fathom. The course is shaped like the upper body and head of a serpent. It stretches out from the first tee beside the forbidding Royal and Ancient clubhouse and the bleak, gray city of St. Andrews, first away from the sea—but never far—and then toward it again. The fairways are pockmarked with the most obscure and vicious bunkers and are flanked with tough whin and rough grass. There are seven enormous double greens that roll with swells like an ocean as a storm subsides. There are other hazards, too, including a railway line running alongside a large part of the course. Diesel and steam engines clatter and toot all day, and jet aircraft from the nearby Royal Air Force station at Leuchars thunder through the sky above. But the biggest challenge to skill and forbearance at St. Andrews is something else—the wind. When it comes shrieking ashore from the North Sea golfers who expect to shoot 68s are glad to get 78s. "The great difference between St. Andrews and a U.S. course," said Jack Nicklaus on Tuesday night, "is that a large portion of the game here depends on luck. If you play a good shot in the States you are rewarded. Here it doesn't necessarily happen that way. But who is to say? This is where the game started. Maybe we changed it."

Three significant things happened during the first round on Wednesday. First, Lema drew an early tee-off time and found himself playing in a stiff wind, but no worse than that. Second, at the

continues on



urging of his caddie, he played without his wedge, deciding to hit low pitch-and-run shots into the greens. Most American pros would as soon tee off at the Masters in bathing trunks as play a tournament without using a wedge, since they like the club for everything from 120-yard pitch shots to stirring their iced tea. No one knows what psychological torment it cost Lema to take Tip's suggestion, but he did, and he managed to shoot a good one-over-par 73. About the time he was finishing, Nicklaus was teeing off, and the third thing happened: The wind changed from a gale to a near hurricane. Nicklaus had talked about luck at St. Andrews, and now this was the worst kind. As the wind reached its furious crescendo, with gusts up to 65 mph, Liang Huan Lu, a Hong Kong pro who weighs only 124 pounds, was blown on his back as he yelled, "Typhoon!" The Royal and Ancient's club secretary, Brigadier Eric Brickman, D.S.O., rushed to keep the press tent from becoming airborne while out on the wild 9th hole players were being showered with salt spray from the sea. Nicklaus, who got a tee shot up into the wind and drove the 381-yard 18th hole, came in with a 76. "I putted awful," he said. "My eyes kept watering. The sand kept getting in my eyes, and the wind kept blowing me over."

In addition to the wind, the course was also hard and fast. Fortunately, the tournament committee was careful to see that the greens were not cut too short. "If we had had them cut down," said Committee Chairman Gerald Mickless, "it would have been impossible." Equally impossible in these conditions would have been the American ball, and the American players turned gratefully to the smaller British one. At one time Lema said he would like to be playing with marbles. "If we had played with the big ball," exclaimed Jack Nicklaus, "I doubt if we would have finished."

The second day it continued to blow hard, and Nicklaus went around in 74 strokes, which was not bad, considering that 40 of his shots were putts. It was the most putts for a round that Nicklaus had taken since turning pro. Chagrined, he spent two hours practicing his putting in the late afternoon, by which time Lema had come in with an excellent 68 and taken the tournament lead.

Tony was unmistakably inspired. He had openly admitted that he felt at St.

Andrews like a new boy at school, one who was not at all sure he belonged. But the spectators were warming to him and these were spectators who don't warm easily. Lema had shown in several tournaments that he had the nerve to play for big money, much more than he could win at St. Andrews, where first place is worth only \$4,200. He had won five times that with a single putt. But now he was playing for something less tangible, and he sensed it in front of his big Scottish gallery.

For the Scots, golf is a national pastime. They are silent watchers, often signifying their approval with only the barest ripple of handclapping. Every stance, every movement of a competitor like Lema is filed away for future reference and long discussion in the years to come. They have taken to only two Americans in the last 15 years—Ben Hogan, whose coolness they understood, and Arnold Palmer, whose boldness they reveled in. "You don't have to get an really close to the hole to win their approval with a shot," noticed Lema. "They know a difficult shot and appreciate it. And they know golfers." The

first indication of the undercurrent of emotion that Lema was evoking in the crowd came at the 12th hole during his second round, when he drove the green and knocked in a 30-foot putt for an eagle 2. "They seemed to loosen up then," said Tony, "and it made me feel good." By the time he was in with his 68, he had captured the gallery.

That night Lema was relaxing, stretched out on a sofa, with a whiskey in front of him and a host of the world's best golfers well behind him. He was two strokes in front of England's Harry Weetman, three ahead of Australia's Bruce Devlin, seven ahead of Argentina's Roberto de Vicenzo, eight ahead of South Africa's Gary Player and nine ahead of New Zealand's Bob Charles and that initial favorite of the oddsmakers, Jack Nicklaus.

"Look," said Lema, "do you want to know what I really feel about St. Andrews? I feel like I am back visiting an old grandmother. She's crochety and eccentric but also elegant, and anyone who doesn't fall in love with her has no imagination. The 68 I shot today was one of the finest rounds of golf I've ever

Lema's putting had him dancing (below). The wind only bothered him when he attempted to



shot, but I still don't feel confident. This is the most challenging golf course I've ever been on. You don't dare go to sleep one moment. And to finish second won't mean a thing. In the year 2064, when people pick up that record book, this is the kind of championship they will look up. You'll be remembered only if you win." Then he sat down to a supper of corn on the cob, salmon with mayonnaise, curried chicken and pears with chocolate sauce.

The last 36 holes of the tournament were played on a lovely fresh day, with the worst of the wind gone and the sun shining. Tony had said the night before that it is easier to get some steam up if you're behind, and he started steamless, going four over par on the first five holes. As he was walking up to the 6th hole he passed Nicklaus, who had teed off earlier and was coming down the 13th. What he saw was enough to steam up—or panic—anybody. Nicklaus was an awesome four under par. He had picked up eight strokes on Lema, and was within one stroke of the lead. The two players stopped momentarily to stare at each other across the joint fair-

way and take stock of the situation. Nicklaus looked fiercely confident. Lema admitted later, "I didn't feel so good."

If the Scots had any remaining question as to Lema's quality as a golfer it hung on that incident in the morning and was settled for them at once. Tony got a 4, and then shot five straight 3s, three of them birdies. When Nicklaus, who had come in with a 66 that equaled the course record, heard that Lema was himself now heading home with a score under 70 he could hardly credit it. When Tony holed a 20-foot putt at the 18th for a birdie 3 and a third-round score of 68, a Scot was heard saying to a friend, "That slams the door, eh?" His companion replied, "It locks it, mon."

More than locked, the door was barred. The seven-stroke lead that Lema now held was too much even for Nicklaus, who went around in another remarkable 68, though he knew the battle had been finished when his morning attack was successfully met. Lema coasted around the course in the late afternoon in 70 to win with a 279, five strokes ahead of Nicklaus and six in front of De Vincenzo. Lema and the French cham-

pion, Jean Garaudé, were the last pair in, and as they stood on the 18th tee, the crowd of 13,000 massed behind them, Lema's drive put him about 50 yards from the pin and facing the deep "Valley of Sin" that lies in front of the last green of the Old Course. He took a seven-iron—the wedge was still unused—to run the ball up within inches of the hole. He had barely swung at the shot before he was engulfed by the gallery. "I got hit four times before I had finished my follow-through," he said.

For a long time he did not appear. Finally he extricated himself from the gallery, arriving on stage like an actor late for a cue. He was wiping sweat from his brow with one hand and clasp his putter in the other. He ran in the birdie putt and then, with a swift movement, picked the ball out of the cup and threw it high over the crowd.

"I've won tournaments and I've won money." Champagne Tony had said the day he flew off to the British Open. "Now I want to win a major championship. It is on my schedule of things to do, and I am going to do it." He didn't even wait a week. **END**

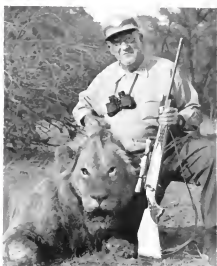
light a cigarette. Nicklaus was less fortunate. His explosion shots from bunkers started sandstorms that left him harassed and wiping his eyes.





Walter Hunts in Earnest

Whether his Los Angeles Dodgers are basking in the sunshine or shivering in the shadows, Owner Walter O'Malley is likely to be somewhere hunting big game. Last fall, with the Bums astride the world after a four-straight Series victory over the Yankees, O'Malley headed for Africa, hired white hunters from the prestigious firm of Ker, Downey and Selby, Ltd. to accompany him and disappeared into the wild Bechuanaland bush. Native runners armed with forked sticks brought out tales of his prowess, but not until last week did the full story emerge. With the Dodgers resting comfortably three steps above the National League cellar and Walter once again on the prowl — this time for polar bear in Norway — pictures taken by his son Peter on last year's African safari were released for the first time. They revealed a startlingly Hemingwayward O'Malley in a Dodger cap proudly posing with a kill that included: one near-record sable antelope with 50-inch horns (left) and (on opposite page) a hyena no longer laughing, a lion, a waterbuck and a Cape buffalo.



'And All I Ask Is a Tall Ship'

So wrote the sea-struck poet John Masefield. And, because they have found no better training ground for future officers than the forest of rigging atop old-fashioned sailing vessels, many of the world's navies feel the same. This week the exemplars of that grand tradition will be visible in the U.S. School ships from 13 nations, including Portugal's *Sagres* (far right) and Denmark's *Danmark*, rendezvous in New York Harbor after a mass cruise from Lisbon, where the pictures on this and the following pages were taken.

Photographs by Richard Mook







Nets rigged under the bowsprit of Norway's



bark Statsraad Lehmkuhl are there to catch falling sails and—possibly—falling sailors.





If There Were Two Ships, It Was a Race

by Alan Villiers

It seems doubtful that any man alive today knows more about square-rigged sailing ships than Alan Villiers, a single-minded sailorman who has loved windjammers, thought about them, written about them and sailed in them since he was a boy of 16. Villiers, who arrives in New York Harbor this week as guest of honor aboard the Portuguese school ship Sagres, began his sailing career as an apprentice seaman aboard an Australian windjammer in 1919. With the exception of three years spent out the beach as a reporter in Tasmania, he has been following the sea pretty steadily ever since. In the early 1920s Villiers sailed to Antarctica with Carl Anton Larsen's first Ross Sea Expedition. In 1931, in company with Finnish Captain Ruben de Cloux, he bought a four-masted bark of his own. Together they had established what came to be known as the Australian Grain Race. As a commander in the British navy in World War II, Villiers won a D.S.M. for conspicuous gallantry during the Normandy invasion. He has sailed Arab dhows in the Persian Gulf and Portuguese schooners in the Arctic. Seven years ago, as part of a transatlantic goodwill gesture, he sailed a replica of the Pilgrims' Mayflower from Plymouth, England to Plymouth, Mass. And on the other side of the North American continent he has protected the reputations of Captain Ahab, John Paul Jones and a host of other great sailors by seeing that their ships were properly sailed across Hollywood's screens. For Villiers' reminiscences of great sporting days at sea, turn the page.

Like monkeys at war with snakes, cadets manhandle tightly furled sails high in a forest of masts.

continued

Except for the school ships pictured here and a handful of others preserved as shrines or museum pieces, the big square-rigged sailing vessels of yore have disappeared from the sea routes, and with them a wonderful sporting tradition. On the face of it, the game played by today's yachtsmen and the life led by the men who worked these vessels across the oceans of the world may seem to have little in common. Yet for the oldtime sailorman, no matter how great his hardships, there was a challenge and a zest in the business of handling ships during the last years of sail that had much of sport in it. This was particularly true in the era of the tall clipper ships.

Far different from the lumbering East Indiamen or the hulking men-of-war that preceded them, the Yankee clippers gave to the sea-lanes a tradition of speed and grace that had never been known before. Long, lean racing vessels that blended hulls of perfect symmetry and balance with tremendous sail plans, the clippers had that indefinable loveliness which, now and again, inventive man has achieved in his efforts to use natural resources for the performance of work.

When I first went to sea, well into the second decade of the 20th century, the clippers were long since gone, but there were still men about who had sailed in them and who yarned about them. And so stirring were those yarns that even in those late days our forecastles were filled with men and boys who refused to go in steam. They wouldn't admit it, and I don't know that the thought ever occurred to them, but I suspect that the real reason lay in the fact that sailing those ships, which would one day disappear from the sea, was in a way the greatest, grandest sport there ever was. There was exultation in the fight with the gale and a sense of team triumph when, along with your mates, you muzzled a lashing, writhing, wind-maddened sail high aloft on a yard reeling and pitching over a tormented sea.

And for master and seaman alike there was always the challenge of the other vessel. I remember one old boy, well over 70 and still as fast as any youngster in the race aloft, telling about his ship, the *Ariel*, when she sailed against the clippers *Serica* and *Towpny* back in 1866 in one of the most famous China tea races. "We were bound for the London tea sales," the old boy said. "A race like that was tough. It went on a long time—16,000 miles of it. Across the China Sea, full of reefs, then through the Sunda Strait and over the Indian Ocean. Get around the Cape best way you could, then right up the whole length of the South and North Atlantics. After that, it was work your way across the Line through the doldrums, and in the end fly before the westerlies north of 50° in the North Atlantic and upchannel with all you'd go."

"Those yarns about mad clipper captains driving their ships along with a wake of busted spars, blown-out sails and dead sailors," the old man told us, "don't believe 'em, boy. There might have been a few who started out like that, but they didn't last long. Or their ships either. Our captain never went below the whole way from China to London.

He slept on deck in a deck chair the carpenter built for him, when he slept at all. Day and night he was on deck, always getting the last bit out of that ship. You don't do that by just driving! No, son. Lock-halyards Joes and Belaying-pin Jacks belong in the books. A ship'll stand just so much. A captain's job is to get the best out of her, not to strain her."

For three weeks the *Ariel* sailed alone, out of sight of her rivals. Then the three met off Anjer in the straits between Java and Sumatra. "The three of us came through together," said the old boy. "All our crew had bets on our ship, of course. The captains, mates, owners—everybody used to bet, and the odds were known, like in the Derby. It was exciting to see those other ships. We'd reckoned they couldn't keep up with us. But the race wasn't properly started then. We'd still the Indian Ocean to cross and a lot more besides."

The *Ariel* had been at it for three whole months when she reached the English Channel. "It was a wild day," said the old sailor, "but the wind was fair—good fresh south-westerly, the kind that lasts. We couldn't set any more sail. We were carrying all we had. The dawn light showed another tea clipper out on our starboard quarter. One look and we all knew what ship it was: the bloody *Towpny*. Neck and neck then we drove along, and the hell with the risks. Stuns'ls and everything. We streaked along like cut greyhounds all morning. There wasn't only the bets, there was a bonus on the freights, too, for the first ship in, and real money for the captain.

"Midmorning there's another clipper out to wind'ard, over by the French coast where the Channel narrows, almost abeam. One look at that one and we all know who she is: the *Serica*. So that's the three of us together again. Our captain flings his deckchair over the side. He's on his feet now all the time. We are doing 14 knots against a five-knot tide, and the spume and the spray wetting you on the t'gallant yards, and the stuns'l booms bent like a poucher's rod landing a 30-pound salmon, and those three ships leaping across the water like they loved it.

"Son, that was a sight. We sailed past every steamship going up-channel that day. Those fellers in the steamships lined the rails as we came past and they cheered. The cliffs of Dover were black with people, all come to see the sight. Nothing passed the *Ariel* that day but birds. We won the race by 20 minutes—20 minutes in 16,000 miles!"

There never was another race quite like that. Cheap tea grown by Scots in India and Ceylon put the tea clippers out of business and ended their contests. Nobody cared when cheap tea got to port. But the tradition of the race didn't die. So long as there were two Cape Horners left that chanced to lead at the same port, bound in the same direction, they raced. Like the ex-German bark *Herzogin Cecilie* and the Swedish *Beatrice*, back in 1928, when I was aboard the former. The *Herzogin Cecilie* was a big steel four-power with a waterline of 330 feet and masts 180 feet high, and she could set over 60,000 square feet of canvas. You could have put the entire cargoes from the *Ariel*, *Serica*

and *Taeving* aboard and still not have been half loaded. The *Beatrice* was a thousand tons smaller, but she had a snug rig and fleet lines.

Loaded with grain, the two of us sailed together from South Australia bound for England, but after the first day we never saw the *Beatrice* again. We were a month negotiating the 6,000 miles to the Horn, and 96 days more to Falmouth. The *Beatrice* took another 20 days, and we soon found out why. There had been an easterly slant along the coast of South Australia when we sailed, and the other ship decided to take advantage of it and beat us to England by going around the world the other way! Both ways were about the same in distance, but we headed for the Horn because you stood a far better chance of strong winds to help you that way.

The men of the *Beatrice* ruefully conceded the victory. But if we'd gone around the Cape of Good Hope way as they did, they said, the *Beatrice* would have won. "I'd like to see the ship that could have bettered us on our tracks," said Mate Sam Svensen.

Every southern summer after that all the sailing ships in the Australian grain trade began to race each other. Each year 20 or more of them set out for the English Channel determined to make the fastest passage. Sometimes three or four would sail together. More often they would meet up in a calm on the Line. The race was to the ship with the best time, not first in, for they sailed from scattered outposts up Spencer Gulf, went eastward or westward for Good Hope or the Horn according to the master's hunch, and each sailed as she was loaded, regardless of the others. They called it the Grain Race, and my friend, Captain Ruben de Cloux of the *Herzogin Cecilie*, showed an unusually consistent ability in winning.

A few years after the *Herzogin-Beatrice* race, I joined De Cloux in buying a ship for ourselves—a great lump of a hark named the *Pomni*, not much to look at but she could shift five-and-a-half-thousand-ton cargoes. And she was ours for \$10,000. There were no other bidders.

We manned her with good mates and a crew of boys, and we sailed—first run, nowstop from Hamburg to South Australia in ballast.

It was taking on a bit of a job to sail such a ship around the world by Good Hope and the Horn with half a crew. The first week out, in the North Sea, a lot of the cadets were seasick. With less than 2,000 tons of ballast in her, the big ship rolled heavily. The wind howled and it rained. Cold, miserable North Sea rain, continuously. Most of the cadets, staggering seasick about the scuppers or fighting their way slowly aloft, would have been glad to be home. But in due course we came to the trade-winds run, with steady fair winds week after week, the decks dry and the barebacked boys singing happily in the sun. By the time we reached Australia they were all excellent young seamen.

It was as well they were, for we very nearly lost our ship in the race home with another four-poster called the *Pomni*. The *Pomni* was a good sailor, with a sort of friendly per-

sonality, which by no means all sailing ships possessed. She seemed to like to do her best. Once down in the high latitudes where the great gales blow and the sea has an uninterrupted "fetch" right 'round the world, she was like a big half-tide rock. The seas could roar over her, spilling in from the sides as she rolled and ran. But she always shook herself free of them again and ran on.

Then, in the middle of one night, close to the Horn, an enormous sea that no one saw suddenly rushed down at her from astern. Over the poop it came like a blown-away piece of Niagara Falls, washing the two steering compasses over the side (*Pomni's* hand wheel was so big she had a compass on each side), sweeping away the lashed helmsmen, knocking in the saloon skylights, smashing at the boats, falling on the main deck and sweeping forward the whole length of the pitching ship. The next great sea, coming in an instant, picked up the stern and flung it out of its way, sending the ship on her side in the trough of the sea.

There were two grave dangers. One, the sea could just overwhelm us, there and then. The other, wind pressure on the wrong side of the sails could bring the masts down. They were steel. The decks were wood. Steel masts smashing in the wooden decks would let the sea in, and within minutes the ship would sink.

Because of the gale, however, little sail was set. Now the lot blew away, with a noise that sounded loud even above the shriek of the gale. The blowing out of the sails saved us. Slowly the *Pomni* righted herself, ridding herself of the greatest weight of water. There must have been a thousand tons of it. Master, mates and boys appeared from corners where they had been washed, or leaped out of the rigging where they'd jumped for safety. First thing was to get the helm under control. The *Pomni* had a steel wheelhouse, open in front, whalebacked to keep the sea from smushing the wheels. So they were not damaged. A boat compass and a flashlight gave us a course again. We braced the yards and hove to, lying shoulder to the sea, not fighting anymore or trying to run. Then all hands set about saving what could be saved of the sails. It took all night and all the next day too. Who cared? We were alive.

Our rival, the *Pomni*, was bashed up in that storm, too. Although we didn't know it at the time we must have been close together. What made her men mad, however, was not a storm but a calm—a calm off the Azores when we came ghosting up on her from astern a couple of months later. The Scots-built *Pomni* held her way better in ultralight winds than the heavy *Pomni*.

In the end we both made port the same day, us at Falmouth and the *Pomni* at Queenstown, Ireland. We had sailed farther, so we claimed the race. The *Pomni* got her hook down a few minutes before we did, so she claimed the victory, too.

It made no difference. There was no prize. That was in 1932, and by then nobody cared when the wheat a square-rigger was carrying arrived. It was the sport of the race that mattered.

END

HOW I KNOW WHAT PITCHERS WILL THROW

by BOB TURLEY

The secrets of a highly specialized art—how to detect and profit by the telltale habits of rival pitchers—are revealed by baseball's No. 1 spy, who used to have a problem of his own (right). The clue is in what he did with his left knee



One of the astonishing facts of major league baseball is that Pitcher Early Wynn was able to win 300 games while telegraphing every pitch he ever threw. He could not have handicapped himself more by shouting down to each batter exactly what pitch was coming next. "First I'm going to throw you two curves," he could have said, "then a knuckler, then a fast ball."

Wynn's giveaways were so obvious and so consistent that I picked them up for the first time while watching him on television. Yet he is not the only pitcher who, by certain gestures used only with certain types of pitches, unwittingly reveals valuable information to opposing hitters. In fact, only a very few do not. And I am not the only coach in baseball who makes a point of trying to spy out these habits. Every team has at least one or two "readers" who are expert at this kind of espionage. We make up a sort of Central Intelligence Agency, major league baseball version. Our data is passed on to the hitters in pregame strategy sessions or, more dramatically, during the hubbub of the game itself by whispering or shouting code words to the hitters while they are at bat and the pitcher is in his wind-up.

An educated guess would be that the average player could improve his batting percentage .35 to .60 points if he knew every time exactly what pitch—fast ball, curve, knuckler, what-have-you—was about to be thrown. With the same knowledge, power hitters like Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays or Harmon Killebrew could probably step up their slugging production by as many as 30 home runs a season. Even the most experienced reader, however, cannot predict every pitch before it is thrown, and not every hitter can react fast enough to take advantage of the information once he has it. But week in, week out—despite studios and frantic efforts by pitchers to disguise the direction their efforts are taking—a sharp-eyed reader can call in advance 20 to 25% of all pitches thrown.

My career as a pitch reader began when I discovered that my own pitches were being read while I was playing for a service team in Texas during the early 1950s. Del Baker, then a Red Sox coach, had watched me work a game

and told me afterward that he had been able to call practically everything I threw. He had spotted a habit I had fallen into unconsciously. Each time I prepared to throw a curve I would pause for an instant when my left knee came up in front of me during the windup. What I was doing at that moment, of course, was checking to see that my fingers were gripping the ball properly. Thus the hesitation. There was no such interruption in my delivery before I threw a fast ball.

This tidbit of information was so impressive that I began to study other pitchers on my own. By the time I had reached the majors, and eventually the New York Yankees, I had collected a notebook crammed with giveaway signs. I could read most of the pitchers in the American League. You might say that the night I watched Wynn give away his pitches on television I had reached full maturity as a reader. It was on a warm Friday night in April 1955, my first year with the Yankees. Cleveland was in town. I was due to pitch the next day and Casey Stengel, then the Yankee manager, had sent me home to rest. The television camera constantly moved in on Wynn for tight closeups, and it soon became easy to spot what he was doing on each pitch. Early's nose served as the guinea pig. During the wind-up when he raised his hands high enough for the glove to blot out his nose it meant a curve was coming. When the glove just reached the tip of his nose, a slider. When the glove came up not quite to the nose, a fast ball. The knuckler was the easiest to spot. When he prepared to throw that pitch, his glove and hand reached no higher than chest level.

Naturally I passed this information on as soon as possible to the Yankee players who wanted to make use of it. It is a testimony to his greatness that Wynn was still able to beat us pretty consistently despite this severe handicap. That is, until 1962, when the speed on Early's fast ball had lost a little of its zip. Early was pitching for the Chicago White Sox that year and one day went against us in an attempt to win his 300th game. Our batters sat back waiting for the moment when his glove came up to just below his nose. This meant

fast ball, and fast ball almost invariably meant *have hit*. We won easily.

In Wynn's case the giveaway signs were easy to spot from the batter's box, but it doesn't always work that way. Often they can be picked up only from the baseline coaching boxes or the dugout. You have to spot the clue, think quickly enough to connect it with the type of pitch it tips off and shout or whistle some sort of signal to the batter in time for him to interpret the signal and set himself for the pitch. Take the example of a game we played at the Stadium against Kansas City in August 1959. Murry Dickson was pitching against us, and Dickson was almost strictly a knuckler-ball thrower. A careful observer could always spot the kind of pitch Dickson was going to throw by watching his right hand as it held the ball behind his back just before the wind-up. If the ball lay flat in his hand a knuckler was coming. If his fingers were actually gripping the ball he was set to throw a fast one. It seemed hopeless because we could not hit them anyway, but all afternoon from the dugout back of first base I kept spotting and calling one knuckler after another. With the score 2-2 the game went into extra innings and finally our patience paid off. In the last of the 11th I detected Dickson squeezing the ball in his fingers. Elston Howard was at the plate and I shouted, "Rip it," the signal for a fast ball. Elston ripped it all right, into the left-field stands, and we won 3-2.

Despite the ease with which readers are able to follow certain pitchers, not all hitters want the advice. When Stengel managed the Yankees, in fact, he would never permit me to call pitches for Bill Skowron. Bill loved to hit fast balls, when I signaled one was due he would often get carried away by his eagerness and was likely to thrash at it even if the pitch was nowhere near the plate. Tony Kubek and Bobby Richardson never wanted me to call pitches for them. They felt that it was better to guess or wait than to know what the pitch was, become overeager like Skowron, and possibly lunge for a bad pitch. In the World Series that thinking applied to everyone. The players felt too much was at stake to risk looking bad on a pitch that might be misread.

continued

Where reading pitchers was concerned Mickey Mantle, while I was with the Yankees, was the most satisfactory batter to work with. He often liked me to tip him off only when what he considered a fat pitch was due. Batting right-handed, he liked to see fast balls. Batting left-handed, he was handicapped by an inability to get his bat around fast, and preferred curves and changeups. After I had pointed them out, Mickey could also pick up meaningful clues from the batter's box. A good example occurred in the spring of 1961 during a game against the Twins at Minneapolis. Camilo Pascual, a right-hander, was pitching and Mickey, batting left-handed, came up with the bases loaded late in the game. Pascual used to give the batter a glimpse of the ball in his right hand just as he went into his wind-up. When he held it with a lot of white showing, a curve was indicated; less white meant a fast ball. Just as Pascual started his wind-up Mantle caught the tip-off for a fast ball. It was like batting practice. Even batting left-handed he got around on the pitch fast enough to hit it straight into the center-field bleachers, 420 feet away, and sew up the game.

Mickey won another game for us against the White Sox in 1955 by spotting the fact that Connie Johnson was about to toss him a screwball. Mickey and I had gone over Johnson's pitching habits pretty carefully before the game and discussed one very glaring clue. Johnson consistently pitched off the third-base side of the rubber except when he was throwing his screwball. Before that pitch he would plant his pivot foot on the first-base side. We were trailing in a critical night game, 3-2, when Mantle came to bat with two runners on. Mickey was batting left-handed and Connie decided that a screwball, breaking away from a left-handed batter, would be his best pitch. Johnson came down on the first-base side of the rubber and fired. He probably does not know to this day what happened. Mantle spotted the move and was waiting for the screwball. He hit it out of the park, and the Yankees were out in front for good.

Reading a pitch has even helped me win my own game—from the plate. There is one pitcher in the league, still active and still making the same mistake, who always holds the ball down by his side after taking the sign from the catcher. When the seam of the ball is visible it

means that a fast ball is coming. No seam, curve ball. I spotted the seam one day in a game we were losing 1-0, set myself for a fast ball and had the great good fortune to nail it on the nose and hit it into the stands for a home run. We eventually won the game, 2-1.

The methods by which pitchers unconsciously telegraph their intentions vary a great deal. Howie Kinn, who pitches in the Yankee chain, has very large feet. When he first appeared at spring training in 1961 he had a habit of taking a long, flat-footed stride forward as he unleashed his fast ball. When his huge left shoe slapped down on the ground it made a noise like a flag snapping in the wind. Billy Pierce, who wore a long-sleeved sweat shirt, tipped his pitches by the amount of skin that showed below the sleeve of his throwing arm as he reached into the glove for the ball. If a lot of skin was displayed it meant that a fast ball was coming; a thin strip of skin warned of a curve. Until corrected, Bill Monbouquette of the Red Sox, currently my team, would hold the ball against his right leg just before he started his stretch and thus tip off most of his pitches. When he held it so that I could see a nice full round circle of white in his hand I knew the curve was due. A narrow crescent of white meant slider. Almost no white at all and I could signal pretty confidently to the batter that a fast ball was coming up. Dean Stone had an easy motion to read. If he carried his pitching hand and glove to just over his head during the stretch, I knew it would be a fast ball. When he dropped them behind his head it meant that he was planning to throw a curve. While his hands were joined in front of him just before his wind-up, Mike Garcia would always glance downward when a curve was due, and stare straight at the catcher when he was set to fire his fast ball.

Calling his pitches in advance can have such an excitable effect on a pitcher, however, that it sometimes turns out to be a rather dangerous practice. When Ralph Houk was managing the Yankees and Jim Bunning was pitching against us, I occasionally would get the first-base coaching assignment because only from close up could I spot Bunning's clues. The tip-off came as he swung his right hand behind his back during the wind-up. If the wrist was bent and the hand curled toward the batter a curve



BILL MONBOUQUETTE

Too much of the ball was showing

was indicated. If his wrist remained straight he was about to throw a fast ball. On the curve I would remain silent, but for a fast ball I would let out a vigorous, harsh whistle through my teeth. In mid-September of 1961, Bunning was pitching against us and I had been in the coaching box whistling like a tugboat in the fog. Late in the game, with Mantle at bat, Bunning heard my whistle for the umpteenth time, stopped right in the middle of his wind-up and glared at me. He did not know what in his wind-up I had detected, but he knew for certain it was something. After a short conference with his catcher he started his wind-up again, and again I whistled. It was a fast ball all right, but it was never destined to cross the plate. If Mantle had not hurled himself to the ground the pitch might have made hash of his right

**BILLY PIERCE***Up his sleeve, an excess of arm***EARLY WYNN***The Yankees beat him by a nose***JIM BUNNING***When the wrist bent, the hand curled*

ear. It was Bunning's method of trying to stop my reading of pitches, but it did not work. Mantle had to be restrained from charging out to the mound and when he finally got back to the box he insisted that I keep calling the pitches just as before.

When a situation of this sort developed while I was at the plate I simply stayed far back in the batter's box, hopefully out of range. After all, I was paid to pitch, not to stop fast balls with my jawbone. In the years he pitched for the Red Sox and Senators I had always been able to read Mickey McDermott like a road map. When he first came to the Yankees in 1955 I attempted to correct some of those pitching flaws but, unfortunately, habit is often too deeply ingrained to permit correction, and such was the case with McDermott. Every

time we successfully eliminated one pitching fault, four more would spring up elsewhere. We finally let him throw as he pleased. When he left New York to go to Kansas City in 1957, however, he had a word of warning for me. "If you try reading my signs," he said, only half in jest, "I'll drill you the first time you come up to the plate."

The first time occurred not long afterward "Can you still read me?" he shouted after throwing me a couple of pitches when I came up to bat.

"Absolutely," I answered, but I was not about to get close enough to take a swing. I also had a good idea what kind of pitch I would be likely to see if I did that. It would have been fast and straight and headed right at my ribs.

Reading pitches has created its moments of risk, but it also once saved me

from acute embarrassment at the hands of the U.S. Military Academy baseball team. I was the starting pitcher for the Yankees in the annual spring exhibition game with the Cadets back in 1961. An inexperienced, college-age pitcher is the easiest thing in the world to read, but since this game was for fun I was not calling the pitches for our batters. That is, until Army got four runs off me and seemed well on the way toward winning the game! I was not about to let that happen. I started calling pitches faster than the umpires could call balls and strikes. Howard and Lopez hit home runs late in the game off pitches I had tipped in advance, and we won. It was not the most important game I have ever won with the help of reading pitches, but it certainly saved me from what might have been my most embarrassing loss. **END**

If there is one thing Bobby McGregor hates, it is swimming first thing in the morning. Bobby is a tall, lithe 20-year-old Scot and one of the fastest swimmers in history. He is also one of the most reluctant, which may account for the fact that he is a solid favorite for the 100-meter freestyle gold medal in the Tokyo Olympics at an age when many top racing swimmers are burned out. Bobby approaches his daily 7:30 a.m. workout with deep revulsion. He walks into the pool at the shallow end, shuddering. His chest is puffed out and he tiptoes slowly forward, delaying the moment of total immersion as long as possible.

This is the beginning of a light day's training, which Bobby himself describes as "a triviality." He thinks he should perhaps be putting in two tough two-hour pool sessions every day, but, well, his architectural studies in Glasgow take time, and all he actually manages is an hour and a half mornings and an hour evenings. Anyway, he doesn't really believe in the modern school of swim-till-it-hurts self-torture. "It is the quality of training that counts," he says, "not the quantity."

Two weeks before a big meet Bobby cuts his meager workouts drastically—often swimming no more than 500 yards a day—and if that seems to be making him stale he simply chucks the whole business and goes fishing.

For Bobby this low-pressure routine has produced startling success. In the past 10 months no other swimmer has come within a second of his best 110-yard performances—and in the sprints a second is a big chunk of time. Bobby set his first world record last July at 110 yards—two feet more than 100 meters and a common sprint distance in the nonmetric countries. That was in the 55-yard salt-water pool at Blackpool, England, and Bobby's time was 54.4 seconds. In August he chipped that to 54.1 and

(continued)

by JOHN LOVESEY

SCOTCH AND A LITTLE WATER

Very little water, thank you, for Scotland's Olympic swimming hope, Bobby McGregor, who trains lightly and dislikes getting wet





CHURNING THE WATER WITH HIS POWERFUL STROKE, BOBBY DISPLAYS THE SUPERS FORM THAT HAS MADE HIM A WORLD CHAMPION



GOING FISHING, something he does frequently when workouts pall, Bobby strolls toward a Falkirk canal with a small neighbor. He first learned to swim to be safe around fishing water.

in September in 54 seconds flat, where the record now stands. His current form is tremendous: in May he churned along the Blackpool lanes in 54 again. "Fifty-three live will win the Olympic 100 meters easy," he says, "and I'll be at 53.5." Then, lest his neighbors think him guilty of the Scots' sin of cockiness, he adds, "At least I think I will."

The 100 meters is the most glamorous of the Olympic swimming events, and it has long been the private property of the United States, Australia and Japan. Since the Games began, in 1896, only three 100-meter gold medals have eluded those countries. Since World War II only three bronze medals in the event have gone elsewhere. The sheer, shining novelty of a Scots lad fighting for room at the top has made McGregor a British celebrity.

Bobby receives an astonishing amount of mail, much of it from adoring teenage girls. Not long ago a man groping for words of high tribute introduced Bobby to a school audience as "someone as well known as George, Paul, Ringo and John." The occasion was the annual prize-giving day of his old school, Comely Park Primary in Falkirk, an iron and coal town midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow. After an enthusiastic rendition of *Ein Kleines Nachtmusik* by the school's percussion band and a recitation of a Scots nursery rhyme, *Foodie for Mrs Murrick*, by a small girl with a white ribbon in her hair, Bobby stepped shyly forward to present the swimming prizes. When he handed a cup to the champion girl swimmer she in turn presented a fishing line to him. Everybody in Falkirk knows that Bobby would rather fish than swim. "All the best for Tokyo," Headmaster Arthur Doyle said to Bobby at tea later. Teachers and guests applauded vigorously, and Bobby looked down and away, very embarrassed.

Robert Bilsland McGregor made his first hesitant splash in the swimming world when he was 9. His father, David, an Olympic water poloist for Britain in 1936, had become manager of the Falkirk Baths. Bobby wanted to fish in a local canal. But he could not swim, and his father said he would have to learn before he could go fishing alone. "He didn't want to learn how to swim before that," says McGregor. "He start-

ed with the breaststroke, and once I had him swimming the crawl I realized that he had great ability and potential."

A natural athlete, Bobby played a wicked center half in school soccer and hit a better-than-average golf shot. "He had that rhythm about him," says his father, "and the eye. More than that, he always liked to win. There was none of this being a good loser and that sort of nonsense."

Not until he was 14 did Bobby begin racing, and then only in minor events. A year later, in 1959, "he became sort of interested," as his father puts it. That year he won his first important championship, the West Scotland junior 100-yard freestyle title.

It was in 1962 that Bobby first joined the British national team. He celebrated by defeating the German ace Frank Wiegand at 100 meters. Shortly thereafter he beat Germany's Hans-Joachim Klein, the present world 200-meter record holder, at 110 yards, and in the European championships at Leipzig his leg of the 400-meter relay was the fastest of all the 32 competitors.

Last year saw him reach the top. This year he has confirmed his extraordinary talent. Bobby is an inch over 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. If a scientist could design a human being to swim the sprints superbly, he would produce a Bobby McGregor. His power is concentrated in his arms and shoulders and deep chest, where it counts, while his legs are long and thin.

"His style," says David McGregor, "is perfection. I have yet to meet anybody who can criticize Bobby's stroke." He travels with his shoulders and chest high in the water, cutting down resistance; the effect is something like that of a planning boat. Bobby's arms have a natural low recovery. He has a bent arm pull with which he extracts the last bit of propulsion from every stroke. Only his starts and turns could be improved.

The state of Bobby's health delights the physician who gives him a checkup every other week. Says Dr. Douglas McIntyre: "There is not a fitter person in Britain, as far as heart and lungs are concerned."

Bobby has done nearly all his training in the 25-yard Falkirk pool, a plain place that reverberates every sound. Training over short courses bothers him not at all. "At first you find yourself looking up halfway down a long-course

pool," he says, "but you get used to it."

On a typical day Bobby awakens at 6, breakfasts on fruit juice, fresh fruit, cereal and coffee, and at 7:30 begins the melancholy task of getting wet. The morning session usually commences with a 1,000-yard warmup—500 yards using arms only, with legs tied together, 300 yards with a normal stroke, 100 yards kicking and 100 yards backstroke. The bulk of the serious work—as serious as Bobby can manage—consists of twenty 50-yard bursts. He averages about 27 seconds for each 50, takes a 20-second rest between sprints and a two-to-three-minute break after each set of four. He also does ten 50-yard butterfly dashes to build stamina and arm strength.

In the evening Bobby typically swims another 1,000 yards warming up, but only ten 50-yard segments freestyle and five butterfly. Three times a week he does some light weight lifting. "The main thing," says his father, "is to try and prevent your swimmers becoming bored." Bobby spends the fortnight before a major meet just sharpening up with a few single lengths of the Falkirk pool each day. "If you begin to go stale," says Bobby, "you either swim through it or just rest. I usually rest."

Now that Tokyo is only three months away, Bobby is resting like mad, relaxing his way to the end of a three-week vacation from training. He spends a good deal of the time fishing for salmon and trout with plugs or a spinner ("I'm a killer, I know, but you catch more that way"). He also listens to Frank Sinatra records, tends the fire his mother likes to have blazing on the McGregor hearth summer and winter, and doodles with plans for the swimming pools he will design when he receives his architect's diploma three years from now.

This is not to say that Bobby is complacent. He knows that he will have to swim the race of his life in Tokyo to defeat the combative American star Steve Clark of Yale, who may well be capable of a 53.5-second 100 meters, and if Don Schollander swims the event Bobby will face another tough American, France's Alain Gottvalles, Germany's Klein and Australia's David Dickson may give him a race, too.

But Bobby McGregor is hardly swimming scared. "If I am going to win at Tokyo," he says, "I'd like to do so by a big margin." And then get some real rest.

END

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"She has a clear idea of the great challenge which California faces in providing recreation opportunities for its growing population," said Governor **Pat Brown**, as he appointed blonde, bouncy and beautiful Actress **Janet Leigh** to the state recreation commission. And why not? Janet plays a fair game of tennis. Her mother was once a receptionist at the Soda Springs ski resort. And, as the man in the TV commercials suggests, blondes have more fun whatever they do.

The weight of half a century was back on their shoulders and once more they were only grizzled and humdrum Senators, lawyers, bankers and surgeons. But for a moment they had been collegians again and the loudest cheers given any crew at England's famed Henley regatta were still ringing in the ears of Bow **Our Leverett Saltonstall** (U.S. Senator from Massachusetts), No. 2 **Our James Talcott** (retired board chairman), No. 3 **Henry Meyer** (lawyer, of Boston), Nos. 4 and 5 **Henry Middendorf** and his twin brother **John** (investment bankers, of Boston), No. 6 **David Morgan** (chemical engineer, of New York), No. 7 **Louis Curtis** (banker), **Stroke Charles Lund**

(surgeon) and **Coxswain Henry L. F. Krieger** (lawyer, of Cleveland), the Harvard varsity crew (below) that won at Henley in 1914 and went back intact this year to show the youngsters how they did it.

"I have no reservations about a man going two ways in professional sports if he's 7 feet 1 and weighs 290 pounds," said Kansas City Chief Football Coach **Frank Stran** discussing a possible new recruit to the game. The recruit? **Walt Chamberlain**, of course. "Imagine the advantage he would have over the defensive backs in the AFL," added Stran, licking his chops. "Fred Williamson of Oakland is the tallest and he's only 6 feet 2." "O.K.," countered Boston Patriots' co-owner **Don Di Maggio**. "If the Chiefs get Chamberlain as a pass-catching end, we'll get **Bill Russell** as a defensive back."

The wake of the **Queen Mary** sent a table crashing into her knee, the fried chicken was greasy, the Hudson River smelled, the sun melted her vanilla ice cream and Actor **Dave Burns**'s cigar smoke was enough to stupefy anybody seasick, but everybody's favorite **Dolly**, **Carol Channing**, just

loved it. "I'm so happy to be on the water I can't think," said irrepressible **Carol**, yachting happily around New York Harbor in a **Bertram 38 Cruiser** rechristened the *Hello, Dolly!* in her honor. "I grew up near the water in San Francisco and I've always loved it," she said. "And this is the best way in the world to relax."

A sportsman of many parts, Britain's **Prince Philip** spent his Icelandic vacation cruising on the yacht *Britanna*, fishing in the Nordfjara River, flying an airplane around Reykjavik and bird-watching by Myvatn lake. Icelanders spent Philip's vacation prince-watching.

With a 54-inch waist, a five-foot chest and a two-foot neck, **Weight Lifter Paul Anderson**, who won an Olympic gold medal in 1956, is conceivably the world's strongest man. But speaking at a Fellowship of Christian Athletes meeting in Atlanta, **Paul** claimed that he could run 100 yards in less than 12 seconds as well. If so, the 370-pound strong man is not only the huskiest but quite possibly the fittest man in the world—per ton, that is.

"If I can keep you out, you won't go in, and if you can drag me in, I'll stay there." On this catch-as-catch-can ultimatum from 200-pound Senator **Strom Thurmond** of South Carolina to 170-pound Senator **Ralph Yarborough** of Texas, the two 61-year-old members of a governmental body which likes to think of itself as august, began rolling around on the marble floor outside a senatorial committee room like a couple of wayward schoolboys, while reporters and senatorial colleagues watched in wonder. The wrestling was rotten. The politics was worse.

"I adore swimming second only to tennis," said buxom **Jayne Mansfield**, as she soaked up the sun last week in a skimpy **Oleg Cassini bikini** on a Boston beach. "I find it easy to get as much sun as I need in a bikini,"

explained the actress, when questioned about her choice of a **Cassini** top instead of a **Gernreich** topless. "And frankly I would be embarrassed to wear a topless suit," she added, rolling her 42-23-38 figure over to catch the rays. "You know, no matter what I wear people always look, and I think it would offend more people than it would please."

A wandering Philadelphian named **Donald LeVine** dropped by the royal palace in Monaco to say hello to his sister-in-law, the former **Grace Kelly**. He had scarcely got a brotherly kiss planted on the princess' cheek before he was rushed out to the local golf course for a command performance with the prince. **Rainier**, who shoots in the high 80s, was just starting to play when he heard that **Grace's** brother-in-law, who shoots considerably lower, was in town. Seemed a pity to waste such talent.

The running backs of the National Football League can relax, a little bit anyway, even if **Dallas Owner Clint Murchison Jr.** and the guerrillas of the Viet Cong cannot. When the 1964 pro football season gets under way, 6-foot 5-inch Cowboy Tackle **Don Talbert** will be 10,000 miles away in Vietnam, as a 2nd lieutenant in the U.S. Army.

The first thing French Movie Star **Jean-Paul Belmondo** turns to every day is the boring page. A former amateur fighter, he works out weekly and spends every Monday night at a local Paris gym. "I am," he said between takes at a Paris studio last week, "sweaty de la bore." *Nouvelles*

Poebolling Author **Leon Lris** (*Armageddon*, *Enslaves*, *Battle Cry*) is too busy at his Acapulco retreat water skiing behind a \$5,000 speedboat, skin diving with Seaba Champion **Fred Buldare**, sailing a 35-foot yacht or swimming in his pool to think about knocking out another bestseller. "My coffers," he says, "haven't sunk low enough yet."





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Call them Mickey's mice or Pluto's pups

Unhappy as tenants in Walter O'Malley's Golden Gulch, the Los Angeles Angels have agreed to move to nearby Disneyland



Bill Charvat

As a motion-picture cowboy Gene Autry was something of a schموok. The girl would come out from the city to take over a ranch she usually inherited from an uncle, and she would fall big for Gene and flutter her eyelashes at him. But he would botch the whole scene through his bashfulness and she would return, brokenhearted, to the city.

Away from the cameras, in those days, Autry was noticeably sharper. The deals he made in radio, television, land, livestock, hotels, music publishing and other enterprises were so rewarding that he was invited one day to address the New York Stock Exchange on the subject of prudent investment. Even now, as a business manipulator, Autry is a flaming success. His only source of frustration is baseball, and that's because of an Irish dry-goods merchant's son named Walter Francis O'Malley, who understands manipulation, too.

As proprietor of the Los Angeles Dodgers, O'Malley leases space to Autry, the principal owner of the Los Angeles Angels. A mile from City Hall, in something less than complete togetherness, they share O'Malley's stadium, on part of 300 acres that belong to O'Malley, too. The location, called Chavez Ravine, has become better known recently as Golden Gulch. For Autry the arrange-

ment is ideal, except for a) stiff rent, b) lack of attendance, c) loss of identity in a place named Dodger Stadium and d) poor prospects for improvement of a, b and c in the immediate future. Between lessor and lessee, there are also a few minor but annoying differences of opinion, such as who should pay for the toilet paper, who should wash the windows and how the tab for gardening should be split.

Autry, who has delivered many a screen maiden from the clutches of a grasping landlord, has been offered his release from O'Malley by the smallest community (pop. 140,000) ever to make a serious bid for a major league franchise. Anaheim, Calif., the mailing address of Disneyland, hopes to steal the Angels from its smog-spewing neighbor, Los Angeles, by raising \$20 million for a stadium to seat 42,400. And the Mickey Mouse city has some important backers, among them Yankee Co-owner Del Webb, who agrees that Autry needs a new home and whose construction company—surprise—has been promised the job of building that home if Anaheim can come up with the bread.

The pioneer of big-league baseball in Los Angeles, O'Malley was asked to share his territory in 1961 when the American League voted to place a fran-

chise on the West Coast. Faced with an \$18 million bill for a stadium, O'Malley needed a competitor like a hole in his infield, but he agreed to the request with certain ground rules. First, he would not let the Angels share Memorial Coliseum, which his team was using during the construction of Dodger Stadium. The Coliseum accommodated 94,500 for baseball; he consigned the Angels to Wrigley Field, capacity 20,500. Second, he told the American Leaguers that their rent in the new park would be \$200,000 a year, or 7½% of the gross, whichever was higher, that he would take half the profits from concessions and all of it from the parking, and the two would share in the park's upkeep.

Autry agreed to these terms, but refused to accept the name of the new stadium. In correspondence, in press announcements, in advertising and on radio and TV, the Angels still refer to their location as Chavez Ravine. A practical man, O'Malley observes, "They can call it anything they want, as long as they pay their rent."

For reasons that baseball scientists cannot comprehend to this day, the Angels fielded a team in their first year (1962) at Chavez Ravine that was challenging the Yankees for the league lead as late as Labor Day. Ultimately, the

Angels finished third, but drew a remarkable 1,144,000 in home attendance for the season. Running more to form last year, Autry's club finished ninth, and attendance fell to 822,000 compared to 2,538,000 for the Dodgers. When the Dodgers beat the Yanks four straight in the World Series, Los Angeles fans were so stirred up that they bought more than \$4 million worth of Dodger tickets before the start of the 1964 season, a record advance sale for baseball, and the Angels were burned, financially, by this avalanche of Dodger business. They got off poorly at the gate this year and have not improved much since. They expect to draw less than 800,000, while the Dodgers probably will hit 2,500,000 again.

In public, Autry and O'Malley have never gone for each other's jugular, but the Dodger president admits to private battles on several occasions. Last year, for instance, Autry complained that while the Dodgers drew roughly 76% of the total attendance in Chavez Ravine, the Angels were assessed for 50% of the toilet tissue. The bills were adjusted to Autry's satisfaction, as they were after he discovered that the Angels were paying half the charges to clean the windows of the Dodger administrative offices in the stadium, despite the fact that the Angels maintain offices in Hollywood.

There are other points of friction. The Angels claim O'Malley keeps the infield grass high to help the weak Dodger defense, and that the uncommonly deep outfield dimensions also are keyed more to Dodger personnel than to the Angels'. A swift, bango-hitting group, the Dodgers take advantage of the tall grass and the vast acreage to squeeze out extra bases. "Some of the Angels' grievances are no doubt justified," says O'Malley. "In a dual occupancy the landlord must dominate the decisions, even though they aren't always popular with the tenant."

The proposed Anaheim stadium, in which the decisions would be dominated by the Angels, lies 30 freeway miles south of Chavez Ravine, and Webb promises a park that will outstrip Dodger Stadium in beauty, comfort and convenience. He has repeatedly criticized Chavez, describing it as hard to get around in, but many Dodger fans credit Webb's attitude to the fact that he submitted a bid to build the Chavez park and was turned down.

To build its stadium and pay off a \$20 million debt at 3½% interest, Anaheim must come up with 30 annual payments of \$1,086,000. By its proposed lease with the Angels, the city would collect \$160,000 a year, or 7½% of the gross, whichever is higher. It also would keep a third of the profits from concessions and half from parking. But City Manager Keith Murdoch has admitted that even if the club draws as many as 1.5 million a year, the income to Anaheim would run little more than \$640,000. If attendance should hit only one million the income would drop to \$425,000. "We would try to pick up the rest of the money from other tenants," says Murdoch. "Several revival groups already have expressed an interest in using the stadium."

If income still falls short of \$1,086,000 the city would have to make up the difference. "We figure that nothing is a disaster up to \$500,000 a year," Murdoch says. "A major league team brings millions of dollars worth of business to your community." The 45,000 registered voters in Anaheim evidently agree with Murdoch. He says that 85% favor taking the huge financial risk.

The way things now stand the Angels, committed to Dodger Stadium through 1965, must notify O'Malley by September 30 of this year if they plan to renew their lease. "We have given Anaheim a letter of intent which obligates us to that city if it produces the stadium," says Angel President Robert Reynolds. "Our prime motivation in moving is dollars. Mr. O'Malley requests that we participate in paying his taxes and he wants to participate in our pay television when this becomes a reality. I have the utmost respect for Walter. He's a lawyer. There's a protective instinct in his makeup. I don't blame him for it, but what's good for him isn't good for us."

Reynolds also says that before considering the Anaheim proposition the Angels asked O'Malley to reduce their rent from the \$200,000 a year minimum to \$150,000, but were turned down. O'Malley explains the rejection on the grounds that his taxes and cost of operation have gone up. "If the Angels stay with us," he says, "I'm afraid their new rent will be higher. Right now we are being taxed roughly \$700,000 a year as a two-team stadium. We have hopes that our rate will be lowered if the Angels move."

If Anaheim produces a stadium, O'Malley is confident that the Angels will get permission from their league to move. "You must realize," he says, "that the Yankees are just about the only team in the American League that can draw enough in Los Angeles to cover hotel and travel expenses. The others are probably willing to try anything to take in more money. Actually, the American League would like the National League to bail it out of trouble with interleague play. I have been told, for example, 'Think of what the Dodgers would draw in Kansas City!' My answer is, 'Yes, and what would Kansas City draw against the Dodgers in Los Angeles?'"

O'Malley believes the Angels are deluding themselves if they think that a new location will solve all their problems. "They need new players more than new stadiums and new images," he says. "People don't come out to see O'Malley or Autry. They want to see Koufax, Drysdale and Wills. If the Angels develop drawing attractions their attendance worries will be over." Some American League owners aren't nearly as concerned with attendance as they are with the name of the team that would move. They wince at the prospect of looking at the standings and finding something called Anaheim, which many people still link with Azusa and Cucamonga from Jack Benny's old running gags on radio.

And what if the deal in Anaheim falls through?

"We will do the only thing we can," says Bob Reynolds. "We will go to O'Malley and try to effect a deal we can live with."

Says one Dodger executive, reading his president's frame of mind, "If the Anaheim deal blows up for the Angels, God help 'em."





In a fraternity happy to spend \$30,000 a year without visible returns, Jack Rounick's 164-pound tournament winner (above) was a bargain

The high cost of not catching swordfish

At dawn the Atlantic off Montauk Point was as quiet as it ever becomes. Twenty-five of the finest sport-fishing boats afloat cruised out of John Olin's modern, antiseptic Deep Sea Marina into a flawless morning and a level sea, conditions from which swordfishing dreams are spun. There were moments when you could see broadbills basking on the surface, with their sicklelike dorsal and caudal fins high above the swells—the sea was that smooth.

"Here is a tournament at the right time at the right spot" read the tournament entry blank of the Deep Sea Anglers Club—fooling no one, since swordfishermen know better. The fish are usually somewhere in the area in early July, it is true, and the spot which the 32 anglers covered was a fairly large expanse of the offshore Atlantic. But there is a unique factor in angling for swordfish. There never has been the right time and the right spot. Back in 1913 William Boschen caught the first swordfish with a rod and reel off Catalina Island, California, and fewer than 1,500 have been taken in all the oceans in all the years since.

Meanwhile, however, the cost of equipment has steadily increased. When the 32 possessed and implacable anglers set out at dawn each day last week, each boat carried about \$4,600 worth of tackle. Unlike marlin and sailfish, swordfish are rarely taken by skipping trolled baits. Instead, the rigged bait is kept in the ice chest until the fish is sighted. Then the bait must be presented with almost as much delicacy as a dry fly to a salmon in clear water. And even if the swordfish does strike, it almost always rolls in the bait and gets snagged, wrapping itself in the line and leader like a Christmas pocky.

To haul up from the depths a fish with an extraordinarily muscular body that is as lumber as a fiber-glass vaulting pole is an artful operation, and no one wants to spoil it with a mechanical failure. To be on the safe side, a dedicated swordfisherman feels he should have on board at least four Fin-Nor reels, costing \$400 to \$700 each, and four fiber-glass trolling rods with aluminum roller guides at \$250 each. Enough braided Dacron line to fill four reels (with four spools in reserve) costs \$350. The swordfisherman also needs a fighting harness (another \$100), several flying gaffs (\$200) and

terminal tackle—cable or wire leaders, stainless-steel hooks from Norway at \$4 apiece and various snaps and swivels—amounting to at least \$200. Bait, including squid and an assortment of eels, whiting, southern mullet, ling and mackerel for swordfish who do not like squid, comes to \$20 a day.

All this is a good deal of expenditure in order to catch swordfish. More exactly, it is a lot to spend not catching swordfish, for the followers of this sport make a point of detailing exactly how many fish they do not catch. The ultimate noncatching swordfish champion is Dr. John Stage Davis, a Manhattan physician. He has been fishing for broadbills for 34 years and has never hooked one yet. "I have had fish right up to the boat before the hooks tore out, the line broke or sharks beat the gaff," says Dr. Davis, with remarkable equanimity. Once he gave up his chair to a novice angler who was suffering from a hangover. Minutes later the novice hooked his first broadbill, managed somehow to bring it to gaff and stumbled back down below to his bunk. That was about as close as Dr. Davis ever came.

He is, however, only a part-time, week-end fisherman. He estimates that in all his fruitless years at the sport he has spent 75 days or 600 hours at it, plus about \$10,000. A full-time swordfishing safariist is his own outfitter. He keeps his boat loaded to the exhaust pipes with electronic gear—loran, depth recorder, fish-finding sonar, radar and ship-to-shore radio. Some of the 25 boats that set out last week were relatively simple, devoid of all showers, generators and fancy cabin furniture. Such, for instance, was Jack Rounick's *Aligator*, a 37-foot Merritt with twin Daytona engines rated at 380 horsepower and capable of 35 mph in mild seas. It must be considered a bargain at \$60,000. A good deal slower, the *Rhino* is a luxurious 55-foot, \$184,000 Rybovich. Complete with a carpeted saloon and a viewward, with room enough for the captain's pet poodle to romp around the deck, the *Rhino* is owned by C. Dohney Thompson, a Cincinnati Cadillac dealer. The *Nirso*, roughly midway between the *Aligator* and the *Rhino*, is a 44-foot, \$100,000 Rybovich, with air-conditioned living quarters. It is owned by Edward Gruber, a Pennsylvania underwear manufacturer and a fanatical fisherman whose broadbill record

dates from 1956. His fellow fishermen regard Gruber's exploits in these eight past years with awe. In 174 days of fishing, he has sighted 261 broadbills, hooked 72 and boated 29.

All told, the boats in the tournament cost at least \$1.5 million. The anglers and their well-trained, year-round crews spent some 600 hours at sea. They covered well over 7,500 miles of water from the Butterfish Hole southeast of Montauk Light to a Navy ammunition dumping ground some 60 miles off Martha's Vineyard. They found hundreds of sluggish blue sharks, several porpoises and one small ocean sunfish. But the odds against the angler boating a swordfish are long at the best of times. The ocean must be ody-slick so the angler can spot the broadbill basking on the surface—"high and dry" is the phrase used—or see one clipping along with its fins barely exposed. To find the long shadow of a swordfish below the surface, there must be sun but not too much glare. The water temperature should be at least 60° Fahrenheit. If and when a fish is sighted it must be coddled into taking the bait, and when hooked it will either break the leader or the line, or find some way to pull the hooks out of its mouth.

On the *Nirso* Ed Gruber baited one broadbill 15 times, offering it squid, then eel and mullet. The swordfish, a gourmet even among its kind, considered each delicacy, refused them all and swam leisurely away. Two days passed without a swordfish being boated. In all, 30 were sighted and four hooked in the three-day tournament.

"The ocean is all clogged up today," said James F. French Baldwin. "Eight years ago we could run all day and not see another boat. Now we even have to cope with Russian trawlers dragging off Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket." A New York metallurgist and an expert angler, Baldwin has won three swordfish tournaments in five years. He subscribes to a private weather service that he considers more accurate than the Weather Bureau. He also keeps a master chart, marked off in 20-square-mile sections, that lists precise loran readings for every broadbill sighted, baited, hooked and boated, as well as water temperatures, depth recordings, dates and times, baits used and weather conditions. None of it helped in this tournament.

Then on Sunday afternoon, three

hours before the tournament ended, Jack Rounick in the *Aligator* sighted a swordfish off No Man's Land, a tiny island east of Martha's Vineyard. Strapping himself into his fighting chair, Rounick put his Fin-Nor reel on free spool and pulled off line as his captain delicately handed out a squid bait from the tuna tower. When the fish struck, Rounick engaged his drag and leaned back to drive the hooks home as the boat moved forward to take up the slack. The fish, like most broadbills, was foul-hooked—on the outside of the jaw and over one eye. It jumped 20 times, an unusual performance for broadbills, which normally sound and fight the hooks down deep.

The fight was memorable, if short, and when the fish was gaffed and slithered into the cockpit, Rounick blew the siren loudly and persistently, in a kind of swordfisherman's victory call. That evening at the dock the fish was hung on the scales. It weighed 164 pounds, a mere minnow of a swordfish (the average western Atlantic rod-and-reel swordfish weighs closer to 300 pounds). To get it, Rounick had covered nearly 900 miles of ocean in three days, burned some 650 gallons of marine fuel and, he calculated, put a \$1,500 dent in his bank account.

A Manhattan knitting company executive who favors dashing silk ascots and hot-orange sweaters, Rounick is a relative newcomer to swordfishing. He has been so lucky that he is regarded as something of an upstart, compared to the aristocrats of swordfishing, like Dr. Davis, who have never caught a fish in decades of trying. Last year in one historic day Rounick hooked seven broadbills and boated three of them. How unusual that is may be seen from the four-year records of the Cuttyhunk swordfish tournament, which is held every August. Working from 310 boats, 620 anglers have fished a total of 19 days, or 35,340 hours, and have caught only 33 swordfish.

And their expenditures came to around \$2.5 million. "I average 60 days of swordfishing a year," Rounick said. "and I figure it costs me \$500 a day. Conservatively."

Conservatively, that is \$30,000 a year, which is a good deal to pay for catching swordfish—or, as in the case of Rounick's tournament competitors, for not catching any.

END

A master goof in Amsterdam

Blunders of a rare sort occurred in a tournament where no Americans—and few Russians—were happy

One of the legends of chess is the story of the grandmaster who resigns, not realizing that he has the game won. The last time this happened was in the early '30s, in a celebrated match between Salo Flohr, then a brilliant young Czechoslovakian star, and a now-forgotten Swiss master named Henri Grob. Now it has happened again, this time in the Interzonal Chess Tournament in Amsterdam. The colossal mistake cost a grandmaster his chance to compete for the world championship, and as a misfortune it had only one thing to equal it at Amsterdam—the plight of the Americans, who for the first time in 16 years failed to place among the qualifiers and consequently will not contend for the world title, either.

The man who surrendered a battle he had already won was Klaus Darga of West Germany, who had the white men in a game against Levcente Lengyel of Hungary. Pressed by the time limit, Lengyel made a major error. For his 40th move he hurriedly used his rook to capture a knight on K7, putting the white king in check. This produced the situation diagrammed at right.

All Darga had to do was take the black rook with his rook: 41. R x R. Black could again check: 41. B x Pch. But White's king move—42. K-K3—would stop the attack. Thus Darga somehow overlooked. Convinced that his game was hopeless, he resigned. A moment later he struck his forehead and exclaimed, "My God—I have a winning position!"

There were 24 players from 14 countries competing in the five-week Interzonal tournament, including five from

Russia, three from the U.S. and two each from Yugoslavia and Hungary. There would have been more from Russia if ability alone provided the standard—there were at least seven additional Russian grandmasters who deserved to play—but the rules provide that there can be no more than five players at the Interzonal from any one country. The Russian delegation which was sure to finish in five of the top six places, consisted of Vasily Smyslov, the former world champion, Mikhail Tal, another former world champion, David Bronstein, who tied with Mikhail Botvinnik 12-12 in a match for the world championship in 1951, young Leonid Steim, the Soviet champion, and Boris Spassky, a onetime child prodigy who is regarded by the U.S. prodigy, Bobby Fischer, as one of the greatest players in chess history. But the rules for the Interzonal also stipulate that only three of the top six who qualify can be from any one country.

The result was a tournament within a tournament. The five Russians engaged in a furious struggle among themselves for three berths, while the remaining 19 of the 24 contestants fought for the other three. At stake was a trip to the Candidates' Tournament, the winner of which



ASTONISHING OUTCOME of game in which player did not notice he had won is shown here

will get to play a 25-game match against defending champion Tigran Petrosian for the world title. Perhaps because of the paradoxical situation in which they found themselves, there was a memorable spirit of friendliness among the Russian players at Amsterdam. The swarm of interpreters who used to surround the Russian players was absent, as were the grim-faced Soviet secret agents of former years. With victory all but certain, nei-

ther interpreters nor spies were needed.

The world chess title has been frozen in the U.S.S.R. since 1948, and from the looks of things at Amsterdam it may stay there until 2048. In past years the Soviet domination has been threatened only by Bobby Fischer, and then very briefly. At the Interzonal in 1962 Fischer displayed a form that placed him in a class by himself. He did not lose a game, and his score of 17½-4½ was sensational.

Petrosian, for example, did no better than 15-7. But in the Candidates' Tournament that followed, Fischer was clobbered. He accused the Russians of throwing their games to each other for the benefit of a predetermined winner, documented his charges (SI, Aug. 20, 1962) and vowed he would never take part in a tournament of this sort again.

Changes were subsequently made in the rules but they were not enough to satisfy Bobby, who refused to play last month. The changes were sufficient to lure 52-year-old Sammy Reshevsky, the doyen of American chess, out of an 11-year boycott of these Interzonal tournaments, and he became the one hope the Americans had at Amsterdam of placing a contender among the challengers for the world championship.

If it had not been for a remarkable dark horse—Bent Larsen, a 29-year-old Danish grandmaster, who set the pace all the way, and finished with Smyslov, Spassky and Tal in a four-way tie for first place—the Russians would have taken the first five places. But there was that rule providing there could be only three from any one country. It eliminated the two lowest-ranking Russians (Bronstein and Steim). And as the next highest from other zones moved up, Reshevsky and Lajos Portisch, the champion of Hungary, were tied for sixth place. It was very nearly a three-way tie, for Darga would have been right there with them if he had not resigned his winning position against Lengyel.

American hopes revived when Reshevsky settled down to a four-game playoff against Portisch, for he had never been beaten in match play. Then, for the first time in his 44-year chess career, he lost such a match. And he lost it badly, 2½ to ½. With that, the four first-place prize winners—Larsen, Smyslov, Spassky and Tal—divided the prize money, which amounted to \$105 apiece, while Klaus Darga and the U.S. tried to forget all about Amsterdam.

END

The many merits of the longest iron

The fact that only about one-third of the players on the pro tour carry a one-iron in their bags need not discourage many amateurs from doing so. If you are strong enough to hit two- and three-irons consistently well (in other words, able to hit down on the ball with a shallow-faced club hard enough to get it into the air) you should certainly consider the one-iron. This is especially true if you tend to be wild with fairway woods. The one-iron is an excellent driving club on tight holes. With it you get about the same distance as with a four-wood and you can expect much more accuracy and control, especially when hitting into the wind. It keeps the ball low and therefore is more likely to keep the shot on line than a fairway wood. It will also carry farther than a four-wood against the wind. Finally, a one-iron produces more backspin than most wood shots, which is important when hitting to small or tightly trapped greens. But here are some warnings: forget the one-iron any time you are having trouble with other long irons; never attempt to use the one-iron from a tight lie; remember that the rules allow you to carry only 14 clubs.

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Designed by Ernest Jones

THREE-IRON

TWO-IRON

ONE-IRON

FOUR-WOOD

The face of the one-iron has less loft than the four-wood—as the bar above shows—which makes one-iron shots easier to control under

certain conditions. The increase in loft in the two- and three-irons is not great, and the golfer who hits them well can hit a one-iron.



In an Epic New Movie, One Dame Beats Another

BY DAN JENKINS

When Hollywood shoots a whacky football film in the Mojave Desert, not even the Four Horsemen could save Notre Dame from a devastating half-back named Shirley MacLaine. With a script that calls for camels, harem girls, gushers, a lost U-2 pilot and the dousing of some real-life athletes with oily goo, it obviously matters not who wins or loses, but how Shirley plays



CONTINUED

Experienced moviegoers know what to expect when Hollywood tries to get serious with the subject of football. In the stark, brutal, devastating opening scene, Coach Goldie Nails, who is tough as nails but has a heart of gold, prepares for State's big game against Normal by sweeping through a tap-dance routine in the campus malt shop. Everything is uphill after that. Goldie staggers out of his tap dance to make a woeful discovery. His star fullback, Crew Slammer, has been caught cheating on an exam, Goldie, of course, discovers the big, rugged, good-natured Crew has been framed and that the person who framed him—

mysterious film clips of Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch dashing through the San Francisco 49ers, wins the game, the girl and the last production number.

Hollywood has made this movie a lot of times, in varying forms, and called it *Saturday's Hero*, *College Coach*, *The College Widow*, *Pigskin Parade*, *One Minute to Play*, *The Forward Pass*, *The Big Game*, *The Drop Kick*, *The All American*, *Brown of Harvard*, *Spirit of West Point*, *Harman of Michigan*, *The Spirit of Stanford*, *Touchdown Ann*, *Crazy Legs*, *Katie Rockswold: All American* and several other big, rugged, good-natured things. Rarely has the film in-



Fast-working Halfback: MacLaine gets fidgety for shoulder pads, tries to coach from photo box. Shattree, wearing a ghoulie bath, is a

since Hollywood has always been harsh on intellectuals in football movies—is the scrawny, squeak-voiced bookworm, Fitzhugh Clarence, who is jealous over the affections of (choose one) Bonita Granville, Ann Rutherford, Priscilla Lane. Fitzhugh is soon tortured into a confession by a group of teasing coeds who play keep away with his skull cap. But it is too late. Crew Slammer, having grown despondent, has disappeared: gone back to log-rolling country. The burden of beating Normal falls directly onto the shoulders of the cocky sophomore, Brick Thompson, a triple threat who can run, pass and sing. The trouble with Brick is he has been kidnapped by gamblers. Happily, all ends well for State. With a minute to play and the score tied, Brick Thompson suddenly appears on the field, squats down, says "hup," takes the snap and, amid some

tended to be humorous, but just as rarely has it ever been anything else.

The best thing about Hollywood's football movies is that with precious little aging they soon become classics of whimsy and satire on late-evening television. But it is precisely because of this unedited, if unwanted, success, that the formula may be changing. Last spring a few Hollywood types got together with the very novel idea of going straight on a football theme—not really straight, of course, but at least their movie is supposed to be funny. It would try to prove nothing more realistic than the fact that Shirley MacLaine (see cover) is as cute in football headgear and shoulder pads as she is in a harem costume and, in any case, that she is a loon.

The movie is finished now, and it must prove something.

A few concrete things can be said about it. As a starter, it bears the insane title of *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home* and is about Notre Dame. It has Shirley MacLaine as a cheerleader who scores a winning touchdown in a game played in the desert. It has a cast that includes Peter Ustinov as an Arab king who drives a golf cart, Richard Crenna as a lost U-2 pilot named John Goldfarb, Scott Brady as the Notre Dame coach, and 10 camels, eight harem wives, 50 tribesmen, four football officials, 20 sheiks, 36 Bedouin warriors, a black bear, four Nubian slaves, 16 musicians, seven Tanager dancers, eight cheerleaders, 22

bling U.S. Government to see that Notre Dame both plays and loses (better for foreign relations), and with the efforts of a U-2 pilot to coach an Arabian football team that believes the best way to hot down a pass is with a rifle.

"The plot," says Blatty, "was basically inspired by Francis Gary Powers." There were a few other considerations. Shirley MacLaine wanted to do a comedy. Shirley MacLaine's husband wanted to produce one. Blatty wanted to write one and 20th Century-Fox wanted to release one. And everyone thought that it might make money. Right?

"They're playing my song," says Blatty, a dark, solemn-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN GRANT



Astronaut cheerleader rising to cheer an agonized coach, uncorking the beer for a footballer's run and snarling out again for a drink of water

Arabian football players, 22 Notre Dame football players, four camel riders and a monkey.

The parties responsible for bringing about this unlikely assembly are Coproducers Steve Parker, who is married to Shirley MacLaine and J. Lee Thompson, who directs Shirley MacLaine, and Screen Writer William Peter Blatty, who writes for Shirley MacLaine. The plot that brought them all together, along with the camels, harem girls and Notre Dame players, is—as one might suspect—not very firmly grounded in South Bend history. Briefly, it deals with the king of a land called Fawzia and his efforts to schedule Notre Dame for a postseason game on his own Arabic field against Fawz U-2, with the efforts of a girl reporter from *Star* magazine to get a dead-level story on a harem while remaining upright herself, with the efforts of a hum-

drum man. "We were sitting around one night at Steve and Shirley's talking about the Powers thing. I said wouldn't it be a funny movie if you like did something crazy with it. Steve said write it, he'd produce it and Shirley would play it. First, I thought make the guy Jewish and the Arabs get him. Then I'm watching one of those old football movies on TV one night and I thought make him a football coach. Being a fan of the poor L. A. Rams, I think about football a lot anyhow."

As everyone concerned might well have guessed from the start, the making of *Goldfarb* was destined to become an athletic event in itself. The interior scenes were routine enough, with the exception of Notre Dame's pregame meal, which involved harem girls and dancing. Then, for the game sequences, the company moved from the Fox lot to

continued

a secluded area in the Mojave Desert called Rosamond Dry Lake. Rosamond is a flat, bleak stretch of sand near Edwards Air Force Base. Twelve miles from Lancaster, Calif. and 90 miles from Los Angeles, the site was selected because it looked like Fawzia ought to look—a flimsily disguised Saudi Arabia with Peter Ustinov. And it was complete with mirages.

"Who won the regatta today?" Shirley MacLaine asked, after getting her first look at Rosamond Dry Lake. To which Richard Crenna replied, "I don't know. The flamingos obstructed my view."

Even in a football motion picture that is designed to be humorous there must be traces of realism. Therefore Fox spent \$12,000 building an actual field in the middle of the desert. Workmen spread two inches of soil over the sand, then laid down six-by-eight-foot strips of Kentucky bluegrass that had been trucked in from a Tehachapi turf farm. To keep the grass alive, the studio brought in more trucks, equipped with sprinkler systems to shower 10,000 gallons of water a day on the playing field. Around the field it erected a grandstand, complete with a king's throne, ornate goalposts, minarets, a scoreboard straight out of Baghdad, a phony palace facade propped up with two-by-fours and some studio palm trees—the only trees anywhere near Rosamond Dry Lake.

"Those trees," explained Studio Publicity Man Don Prince, who wore a burmese and identified himself to everybody as Florence of Arabia, "are the same ones we shipped to Hawaii for *South Pacific* so we could place them where we wanted them and not have God's palms dictate our camera angles."

The workmen and special-effects crew had one more small task to perform before Notre Dame could meet Hollywood in the Fawz Bowl. The script called for oil gushers to spout up regularly during the game. This was accomplished by having pipes laid underground from a tank to strategic locations around the handmade field. A black and greasy liquid would spray forth. The gushers did not look exactly like Spindletop, but they looked real enough and made an impressive enough mess when turned on.

With the set completed and everyone on hand—stars, extras, technicians—an outsider unused to the ways of Hollywood might with good reason have guessed that the subject was not football but war (which might have been appropriate since Director Thompson had done *Guns of Navarre* and Director of Photography Leon Shamroy had done—Fox should excuse the word—*Chaplin*). Loosely clustered around the desert were tents, trailers, buses, tractors, trucks, cranes, camera booms, automobiles, jeeps, camels and brigades of bronzed, bemused young men.

If a program had been printed listing the starting lineups for the Notre Dames and the Fawzians, it would have been both impressive and funny. Notre Dame, for example, fielded a team usually consisting of Craig Chudy, 6 feet 3,

220, ex-L.C.L.A., ex-Steeler, ex-49er but certainly not ex-tough, playing at left end; Bruce Underhill, 6 feet 2, 250, ex-UCLA, at left tackle; Kent McWhirter, 6 feet 2, 230, ex-Utah, at left guard; Robert West, 6 feet 1, 210, ex-Jones County Junior College, at center; Jim Martin, 6 feet 2, 238, ex-Notre Dame All-America, ex-Detroit Lion All-Pro, current Baltimore Colt kicking specialist, at right guard; Kent Miller, 6 feet 5, 220, ex-UCLA basketball, at right tackle; Glenn Wilder, 6 feet 1, 200, ex-USC, at right end; Jim Dawson, 6 feet 1, 200, ex-UCLA, at quarterback; Ron Brown, 6 feet, 185, ex-USC, at halfback; Jim Steffen, 6 feet, 200, ex-UCLA, current Washington Redskin, at halfback, and Jerry Okuneff, 5 feet 11, 210, ex-UCLA, at fullback.

The Fawz team had individual credentials of a more singular nature. Its lineup read Jack (Dinga-ling) Bellin, general contractor, at left end; Sam (Muller) Madas, garbage collector, at left tackle; Ron Dawson, actor, at left guard; Ted Grossman, policeman and comedian, at center; George Sheffield, actor, at right guard; Bill (Peanuts) Weiss, former national weight-lifting champion and stuntman, at right tackle; Irving Koszewski, former Mr. Universe runner-up, at right end; Lou Elus, stunt man, at quarterback; Guy Way, actor, at halfback; Garry Downey, actor and world traveler, at halfback; and Dick Sweet, muscleman, extra and freelance karate practitioner, at fullback.

The man responsible for, or rather, guilty of, naming the lineups was Jim Dawson, tackle and captain of UCLA's 1957 team, who was talent chief for the Oakland Raiders last year and is now a scout for the Los Angeles Rams. Dawson probably would like to become an actor. He was hired for *Goldfish* as technical adviser. In that capacity he advised about the purchase of \$3,000 worth of authentic Notre Dame uniforms. And being an ex-lineman, he also advised that he play in the huckfield.

Not even Jim Dawson knew how much technical advising he was going to have to do, but when Director Thompson got started shooting the game scenes where Notre Dame builds a 21-16 lead, it became clear that the monkey or the bear knew as much about football as the director.

One of the first questions Thompson, a Briton who had never seen a game of American football, asked Dawson was, "Jim, exactly in what manner should the umpire toss his hanky?"

The shooting began believably enough with Notre Dame scoring a touchdown on its first play, an end run where people like Jim Martin, Craig Chudy, Jim Steffen and Glenn Wilder caught a lot of Arabs from the blind sides and took some evincuating advantage of them.

"This is really great," said Dawson later. "You get to do all kinds of things here that you never got to do enough of in college. Really cream a guy."

Somewhat ghoulishly, Dawson insisted on brief rehearsals between Notre Dame tacklers and Fawzian ballcarriers before a scene was filmed. In one particularly awesome run-through, the entire Notre Dame line got in



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ready position, someone pitched a ball to an unsuspecting Fawzian—"Like he's getting ready to fair catch a punt," Dawson said in a voice that was gleefully sad—and then the Notre Dame onrushers buried the Fawzians in the Kentucky bluegrass.

As the game sequences continued, the plot got crazier, the players more bewildered and Thompson paid less attention to whatever semblance of football realism there had ever been.

"This is some deal," said Martin, who fills out a uniform the way a harem girl fits into a costume she can keep in her purse. He was strolling back to the sideline after a take. "Did you see what that silly script had us do? We're on the one-yard line and they had me kick a field goal! Top of that, Thompson lets the Fawzies climb up on their shoulders and block it! Some football."

Another time, Fawz kicked off to Notre Dame, and Thompson promptly gave the ball to Fawz. Dawson objected. He explained the rules. Thompson calmly listened and then said, "Well, that's a horrid rule."

Off to one side, Blatty, the writer, said, "Jim doesn't understand that it'll all come out O.K. in the editing. Anyway, maybe the secret to making a funny movie about football is to have a director who doesn't know a thing about the game. J. Lee does come up with some great ones. What's offside? What do you mean, a quarter? What does it mean when the king says, 'Win one for the Gipper'? Why is it funny that the Fawz line is known as the Seven Pillars of Wisdom? Things like that."

"It's nutty," said Jim Dawson. "That's show biz, Tootsie," said Blatty.

Thompson, a tiny lean bundle of energy in enormous dark glasses whose idea of after-work entertainment was to eat five bowls of hot sauce at a Mexican restaurant, had his own conclusions. "The only thing I've found out for myself around here about football is that a good British Rugby team could beat Notre Dame any day," he said. "People say I don't know the game. Of course I know it. Look here. The only real difference between the American game and ours is that you pass the ball forward and we pass it backward. And in that respect our game is much more artistic."

Moviemaking is a painfully tedious business, mainly because directors insist on shooting every scene from every conceivable camera angle. During the long, drowsy pauses in the desert sun the players spilled across the field in shorts to sunbathe, rolled under trailers and sound trucks to sleep or read, sat around crates and boxes to play cards and drink beer, played lazy games of touch football and sometimes, in more energetic moments, romped off across the sand in pursuit of a harem girl.

One afternoon near the completion of the picture, everyone seemed a little perkier than usual. Several busloads of people from Hollywood trade papers, agencies and

newspapers roamed the premises. The men, columnists included, removed their shirts, and the women stared hypnotically at the ponderous athletes. A helicopter landed and unloaded Steve Parker, who had flown in from Tokyo. He took off his shirt. Publicity Man Don Prince drove up with a trailer full of beer. A camel greened. And the stars wandered around like just plain folks.

Scott Brady, a husky Irishman who claimed he was a true Notre Dame fan and a former member of New York's subway alumni, playfully assembled some members of his team and said, "I only got me one rule on this squad. No beer before 10 in the morning." And he went for a beer.

Returning, Brady said, "Know my name in this movie? Clap Sakalakus. You know something else? It's easier to pronounce than Ara Parseghian."

Richard Crenna, who wore Levi's and a white T shirt that said I WILL NOT on the front, explained that he knew a lot about sports—plays golf, roots for USC, portrayed Duffy Dean in *The Pride of St. Louis*. A dancer named Teri or Lori or Micki or Sandi injected a note of gossip when she said, "Did you hear that Bill Eckhardt [the unit manager] fired the slaves? They wanted to take a shower."

Following the laughter, Crenna said with a twang, "I been afeerin' a range war. The sheepmen tore down our fence. It don't look good at all."

Peter Ustinov wore a yellow terry-cloth robe and a large sombrero. He chatted with columnists, drew caricatures of cast members on scratch paper, talked of his favorite sport, tennis, and sports car racing, his second favorite. "I've only seen American football on television," he said. "But I have the feeling it isn't as rugged a sport as Rugby. They don't wear so much protective padding in the British Isles. In fact, I believe they've discovered it's one way to hold down the population."

Presently the population on the sidelines was increased by the appearance of a slow-moving, shapely female figure in snug dungarees, coolie hat, yellow silk blouse, sandals, sunglasses and beer can.

As the young woman approached, a prostrate Notre Dame player held up his hand from the grass and said, "May I?"

"May you what?"

"Kiss you, of course," said the player.

"Have you got that much time?" said Shirley MacLaine, gliding past to take up residence in a patch of shade by a trailer.

There, she flopped down and talked with a stand-in, showing as much interest as she did when talking to an important, shrewd columnist about a variety of subjects that included Vietnam, football, travel, booze, politics, Mexican food, Barbra Streisand, the ballet and herself.

For one of Hollywood's superstars, Shirley MacLaine seemed to be a refreshing betrayal of the Sunset Boulevard legends. Around her there were no ego builders, pamperers or flunkies, and she fetched her own beer. She was unashamed to expose herself without makeup, thereby reveal-

continued

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DAME VS. DAME *continued*

ing some freckles. "I'm just thankful I'm photogenic," she said, licking her upper lip, which she is fond of doing.

Being a star, Shirley did not have to stay in a motel in Lancaster during the last days of *Golddarb*. The studio would gladly have transported her to and from the desert if she had wanted to stay home in Encino, a suburb of L.A. "Being on time and getting a movie over with is part of being a pro," she said. "Besides, I got other things to do, like travel." Shirley therefore chose to stay in Lancaster at The Desert Inn and to do her relaxing in the motel bar—The Rogue Room—before strangers who may have been startled by her language, which was correctly described by *The New York Times* not long ago as briny.

Now in the shade of the trailer, preparing for makeup and wardrobe and watching the workmen build a track down the middle of the field for a camera truck, Shirley was just as lively as she was in The Rogue Room in the evenings, where her conversation had taken care of just about every ill known to man, including The Desert Inn's habit of serving orange sherbet on the same plate with steak and onion rings.

"Sure I know a lot about football," she said. "I was a damn cheerleader in high school [Washington-Lee in Arlington, Va.] for three years. That was a big deal, too." Licking her lip and considering the crucial scene she was about to do, she smiled. "What a movie. A dumb broad runs through the whole Notre Dame team."

While Shirley disappeared to put on her Fawzan football gear, which consisted of a helmet emblazoned with dancing girls, low-quarter football shoes, shoulder pads (size large) and a long red robe, the Notre Dame and Arab players began rehearsing their parts on the field. They threw side body blocks, leg whips and two-on-ones. They did roll-unders. They practiced diving headlong through the air and stumbling in pursuit of a balkier that they dared not brave.

Soon Thompson, by now recovered from his hot sauce of the night before, announced that he was ready for the big run. At this point Choreographer Paul

Godkin, wearing a flowered sports shirt, bathing suit and white moccasins, called for all of the harem girls, cheerleaders, drum majorettes and tumblers to move across the field and get ready to supply the background noise and action for the scene. Three girls sleepily got up off the grass and carried their beer cans with them toward the grandstand.

Thompson said, "Now I want broad cheering [and some of the broads were certainly worth cheering] for this shot as Shirley makes her . . . uh . . . her touchdown."

There was a small conference on the field involving Thompson, Director of Photography Shamroy, Dawson and a young man clad only in a bathing suit. He was Loren James, Shirley's stunt double. Quickly, the players took their positions, and James ran through the scene, helping Shamroy and Thompson spot the best angles for cutbacks and missed tackles. Shirley arrived with a pink face, red lips, eyelashes as long as any of the camels' and fingernails like *Fawcett* scimitars. She followed her double through the run, trotting, while Dawson shouted at the Notre Dame defenders to fall down, stumble and collide. Scott Brady came up and told Shirley, "If you make this touchdown, Baby, you'll be awarded the game ball."

It was never made clear whether the run was being made on a punt, kickoff or direct pass from the center. But that is incidental. Shirley stood on her own goal, somebody gave her a ball, the players scattered everywhere and she started running.

"Yeeiii!" said Shirley, as Glenn Wilder dived past her, crumpling to earth.

"Whoops!" she said, as Craig Chudy rolled under her, forcing her to take a slight hurdle.

"Oh, God!" she yelled, as Jim Martin thundered past, carefully stumbling and outgunning a camel.

All over the field for the full 100 yards, on camera and off, Arabs and Fighting Irish barged together, and Shirley emerged into the clear to spend the last few yards.

"Great," said Director Thompson. "Now we'll do it again." And again. And again. With each take, Halfback Mac-

continued

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AND IT'S A GREAT TIME
TO BE READING
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DAME VS. DAME *continued*

Laine's broken-field ability got better and Halfback MacLaine got badder.

"Come at me faster," she told Dawson. "I coulda outran you easy that last time."

To the hulking Martin, she shouted, "Make it scary!"

If Shirley had been making the last few runs for Darrell Royal, the University of Texas coach could not have been more pleased. Each run grew faster, each leap over a falling tackler more aggressive, each sidestep or cutback through the green jerseys more adept. With every improvement, the Notre Dame players took more dangerous shots at the runner than before.

At the end of the sequence Shirley had run about 2,000 yards and still had not scored. That was because William Peter Blatty's script prevented it. Shirley scores the winning touchdown in *Goldfarb* only after Scott Brady comes off the Notre Dame bench in wretched anger and tackles her on the one-foot line. Shirley believes she has failed. But it is Brady who fails. Shirley suddenly gets blown over the goal when another Fawcett gusher comes in, courtesy of the special-effects crew, and a dye-covered double—who is hoisted by a wire, Peter Pan style—goes up and into the end zone.

But long before this finally happened, Halfback Shirley MacLaine had scored with the cast and crew, who were as amazed at her stamina as they were by her stiff-arms.

"I'll guarantee you I'll be in shape when I go to the Redskins' camp," said a puffing Jim Steffen.

"You should've had 17 years of ballet to get ready for this," said Shirley. "And a couple of Bloody Marys."

"The Rams need you," said Dawson. "Not to put down the whole smear," said Richard Crenna, interrupting, "but the Rams could probably use all of us."

In the end there was still one thing about *Goldfarb* that bothered Jim Martin, the best nontackler Halfback MacLaine would ever see.

"I played four years for Notre Dame, from '46 through '49, and we never lost a game," he said. "This is the first one we ever blew." That's show biz. **END**

The America's Cookout Championship (for men only), the final round of which is held early each year in Honolulu, is not as popular as, say, a Lipton-Clay rematch, but nine arduous months of testing and tasting are involved in cutting down the field, and the finals are guaranteed to produce quite a bit more tension than one normally associates with a plate of spareribs. First prize is \$10,000, and there are four second prizes, each a station wagon. The winners also have the satisfaction of knowing that their recipes will be borrowed and used by ambitious backyard chefs all over the nation, and the dishes the chefs meticulously concoct will be upbraided by thousands of noncooking but critical backyard gourmets.

The competition, sponsored by the Kaiser aluminum-foil people for the past five years, is known as the World Series of Barbecue, and the cost to the Kaiser company is about \$400,000. Some of this money goes into transporting food experts from the U.S. mainland to Hawaii to act as judges. Some of it is spent to transport the 25 finalists—selected from a total of 2,500 contestants—and their wives, who are invited, too. Some of it goes for brand-new grills and all the groceries and utensils the last round requires.

Miss Joan Crawford, the screen star, graciously threw out the first match at the 1964 World Series, lighting a cheery barbecue fire and galvanizing the 25 contestants into action. Under the hot Hawaiian sun they bent over grills and kitchen tables, mixing, chopping, basting and tasting. Slowly their efforts took on culinary form and flavor over the glowing coals. A short distance away, behind the closed doors of a secluded beachside cottage in the Ale Ale Kai Gardens of the Hawaiian Village, the judges looked at one another and wondered if a dish worthy of the \$10,000 prize would be forthcoming.

As dishes were presented, admired and tasted, it became clear how far American contest cookery has come from the oldtime county fair, where the competition originated, and how subtle and complex a game it has become under the pressures of modern merchandising. The rules are basically simple: what is required is a dish that would normally be prepared on an outdoor barbecue grill, complete with motor-driven rotisserie,

for a typical weekend party. How plain or fancy his dish will be is entirely up to the contestant. Last year a simple meat loaf won, this year the entries included a 12-pound stuffed ham prepared according to a recipe a page and a half long.

The judges, for their part, score each dish on three fundamental characteristics: Appetite Appeal, Practicality and Uniqueness. For the contestants, psychology plays almost as much part in the competition as the food itself. In their efforts to please, or possibly outwit, the judges, they have a wide range of stratagems. There is, first, the direct attack: cooking the best possible recipe in the best possible way. This demands the finest of ingredients, an artistic culinary instinct and a sure hand with charcoal—not the most easily manageable of cooking fires. The direct attack involves the greatest risks. There can be no compromise with perfection, no cover-up if the butter blackens or the hand that shakes the spices shakes too hard. But an imaginative dish conceived and executed along these lines has the impact of a no-hit game. If no bad luck mars the concoction in the final instant, it is a sure winner.

A second approach, chosen by many, is more in tune with our commercial era: aim for the sponsors' pocketbooks as well as the judges' taste buds. A major cooking contest like this one involves corollary sponsors who produce some of the ingredients used—lamb as the meat, for instance, certain cereal products, spices, prepared sauces, fruits. Throw in as many of these as possible, the theory goes, and in the case of a deadlock the judges may lean toward the dish offering the greatest possibilities of commercial exploitation.

A third strategy is to overwhelm the judges with sheer display. Proponents of this school of cooking think in terms of flower garnishes, pyramids of fruit and impressive decorations made of shiny foil. If somewhere along the line something has been botched in the cooking, the Technicolor dazzle is expected to compensate for taste, or lack of it.

For the enthralled spectators, the drama this year began just a few minutes after noon when No. 17, the first dish to be submitted, was brought in by an excited runner escorted by a sobriquet guard, Karl E. Sacks, a prominent figure

The Roast That Got the Judges off the Hook

One of them tells of the barbecue contest (first prize \$10,000) that nearly failed to produce a winner

by PERCY KNAUTH

in the wholesale plumbing business in Philadelphia, was its creator. He called it Gourmet Cookout Chicken. "For a starter," murmured one of the judges, cutting into the broiler halves stuffed with mushrooms, chopped pecans and cream, "this doesn't look too bad." On at least one judge's scorecard, Gourmet Cookout Chicken rated 15 out of a possible 20 points and would have rated higher except that the pecans overpowered the flavor of the stuffing and the meat.

The first winner of a station wagon was Arthur R. Ellis (no relation to A. Arthur) of Dillon, Colo.: grilled chunks of liver wrapped in bacon and brushed with barbecue sauce. It was another winner. Scoring even higher was Dr. Jack C. Fisher, a Minneapolis physician, with Paradise Lamb en Brochette. And when Raymond M. Freeman, who is in the English department at Illinois Wesleyan University, weighed in with his Hawaiian Glazed Spareribs, the fourth station wagon was disposed of.

No one, however, had come up with a

continues on



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Barbecue Contest

dish worth \$10,000, and tension mounted as the afternoon wore on. The 12-pound stuffed ham had come and gone, ruled out on the grounds of impracticality and the oversweetness of its sauce. An Aztec Silver-plated Pot Roast was deemed a dish that should more properly have been prepared on a kitchen stove. Ham Rolls Hawaiian, which included a potpourri of ingredients ranging from horseradish and sauerkraut to crushed pineapples and cranberries, fell a victim to its own clashing mixtures. Worried frowns creased the judicial brows. There were only seven dishes left to be tasted—and then appeared Luau Pork Ambrosia.

From the moment it was brought in, this barbecued pork roast dominated the scene. Gaynor Maddox, the white-haired food expert of the NFA Syndicate, silently stood, carving tools in hand, savoring the aroma. The remaining judges—Isabel DuBois of the *Chicago Daily News*, Mrs. Florence LaGanke of the *Cleveland Press*, Phyllis Tumor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and I (representing *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*)—were similarly captivated. Marinated in apricots, honey, lemon juice, soy sauce, garlic, onion, ginger ale, ginger and pepper, and roasted on a spit over low coals, Luau Pork Ambrosia, garnished with whole apricots sprinkled with shaved coconut, was a culinary masterpiece. All ingredients were blended in perfect harmony, with the charcoal fire adding a final touch of light, sweet smoke.

Who was its creator? On the following Monday morning, judges and spectators found out when Dr. Gail S. Erbeck, a dentist from Mason, Ohio, stood poised to snap a picture of the winner—and heard his own name called. Raised on a farm, Dr. Erbeck had been cooking outdoors since he was in high school but had never entered a contest before. When it was learned that he raised his own beef on the farm he still owned outside of town, he was asked why he had not entered a beef recipe instead of pork.

"I felt I had gone as far as I could with beef," said Dr. Erbeck, whose penchant for delicate experiments with viands would doubtless have pleased Auguste Escoffier. "But pork was a new challenge. Considering the strength of the competition, I guess it must have turned out pretty well. Now somebody will have to take my picture."

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

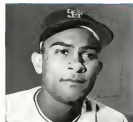
ALL-STAR GAME Shea Stadium, this season the scene of a perfect game as well as the longest one ever played, was host to the 35th All-Star Game before 50,850. After the American League took a 4-3 lead in the top of the seventh inning, Dick Radatz stopped the National League cold until Willie Mays worked him for a walk to lead off the last half of the ninth inning. Mays promptly stole second, of course. Orlando Cepeda hit a pop-fly single to right, and Willie scored the tying run when Joe Pepitone's throw bounced past the catcher. After Ken Boyer popped up, John Edwards walked, Pinch Hitter Henry Aaron struck out—and Johnny Callison hit a two-out, three-run home run for a 7-4 National League victory.

AMERICAN LEAGUE When he was traded from the Indians to the MINNESOTA Twins (4-0) a few weeks back, easygoing Jim (Mudcat) Grant thought that he would rather fight than switch. "After all," said Grant, "the Twins kept me in the league—who am I going to beat now?" Mudcat had good reason to be upset; his career record, a mediocre 67-63, included a 22-6 mark against Minnesota. But now that the switch has been made, happy-go-lucky Grant is happier and luckier than ever. The Twins scored 18 runs for him last week in his two complete-game victories, one a five-hitter over the Yankees. Grant's old team, CLEVELAND, received strong pitching from Jack Kralick and Sam McDowell but little in the way of hitting except from rookie Bob Chance (.400 BA, 3 HRs). The Indians lost five of six and were shut out twice. Both shutouts came at the hands of the CHICAGO White Sox (4-2), whose pitching was even better than usual. The Sox did not give up more than seven hits in any game, and Joel Horlen pitched two victories, allowing just one run in 18 innings. The LOS ANGELES Angels (2-3) adopt-

ed Chicago's tactics to beat the Sox twice on shutouts. But the L.A. hitters had their troubles, particularly Vic Power, who was suspended for 10 days and could lose up to \$1,750 in fines and withheld salary for spitting in Umpire Jim Honan's face. DETROIT (5-1) also enjoyed solid pitching. Rookie Joe Spurna, who won twice, gave up nine hits and one run in two complete games. The Tigers' three wins over the Boston Red Sox (2-3) put Detroit in fifth place. The Sox needed Dick Radatz, who has appeared in 41 of 82 games, in both their victories. The NEW YORK Yankees (3-1) won three close ones from the Senators, including Whitey Ford's 11th this season, though his first in 19 days. WASHINGTON (0-5) Manager Gil Hodges found out just how tough the Yanks can be in the close games when, on the same night his pitchers threw a five-hitter at New York and still lost, he dropped an exhibition bowling match to Yogi Berra 146-145. The BALTIMORE Orioles (3-2) hit six homers in three wins but were becoming nervous about Steve Barber (two losses), who has apparently lost the zip on his fast ball at age 25. KANSAS CITY's (1-3) pitchers went sour as 11 of them allowed the Twins eight homers and 35 hits in three losses.

NATIONAL LEAGUE Buglers blowing the cavalry charge each time the home team comes to bat have become a fixture at a number of big league parks in the past few years. Last week at the CHICAGO Cubs' (1-5) Wrigley Field, the buglers changed their tune to taps as the Cubs walked off the diamond after their fourth straight loss to the Giants. Taps was right in key with Chicago's prospects; the Cubs' hitting (12 runs in six games) was way out of tune, and the pitching (26 pitchers were used in the five losses) hit its lowest note yet. SAN FRANCISCO's (4-2) hitters found Wrigley Field the swing-

ingest as they batted .321 with eight homers and 33 runs in five games. Willie Mays (3 HRs) and Orlando Cepeda (.375) led the upset as the Giants rebounded from three losses to the Phillies. The PITTSBURGH Pirates (3-2) also got some heavy hitting, including seven homers, and low-run pitching from Bob Friend, Joe Gibbon and Bob Veale, but could not hold third place when the bullpen failed during the two losses. The LOS ANGELES Dodgers (3-1) climbed back into the first division on the hitting of Ron Fairly (.500 BA) and Willie Davis (.462 and 2 HRs). Battling with the Dodgers for fifth were the ST. LOUIS Cardinals (3-1), who received complete-game pitching from Roger Craig, Curt Simmons and Bob Gibson. Simmons' performance, an eight-hitter against the NEW YORK Mets (1-3), was changed from a victory to a loss for the Cards by Frank Thomas' two-out, last-of-the-ninth homer with a man on. Thomas, who had been ill, was making his first appearance in 60 games for the Mets when he hit the pinch home run. The CINCINNATI Reds (2-3) held on to third place by defeating the Phillies twice, with veteran Joe Nuxhall pitching a five-hitter and Deron Johnson (.526) carrying the attack. The losses to the Reds cut PHILADELPHIA's (2-2) first-place edge over the Giants to just one percentage point. After finishing a three-game sweep of San Francisco, the Phillies lost two in a row to the Reds when their hitters got only two runs in two games for aces Dennis Bennett and Jim Bunning. HOUSTON (1-3) was unusually strong at the plate (37 hits) but also unusually poor on defense (39 hits, 27 runs allowed) and had to come from behind in the ninth to gain its only win. The MILWAUKEE Braves (3-1) won with Warren Spahn for the first time since June 11, and Henry Aaron (.471) pulled his season's batting average well over .300 for the first time since early in the season.



HAT-SOON: ANOTHER ALOU FOR THE BOOK

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

The **Giants' Jesus Alou** is a nice guy—at least, that's what most people think, since this youngest of three baseball-playing Alous is always smiling and friendly. But few know for sure, because Jesus' English vocabulary is limited to "yeah" and "no." His language problem does not bother Jesus half as much as his name, which is common in Latin countries but almost unheard of in English-speaking places like San Francisco. When Manager Alvin Dark decided that Jesus (pronounced *Jay-soon*) would move into the Giants' starting lineup this season, almost everybody in California tried to come up with a nickname. For once Jesus did not smile, not when writers called him "Choo-Choo," or

when sportscasters called him "Jay." He just wanted to be plain old Jesus. San Franciscoans finally decided to let him have his way. One recent Sunday a local minister who is also a rabid Giant fan quoted from the Gospel: "And Haysos looked upon his people. . . ." Last week Jesus thanked San Francisco for calling him by his right name and also made sure that it will be seen in the record book. Friday afternoon, against the Cubs, Alou became the 34th player since 1900 to get six hits in six at bats in one nine-inning game. Helping the Giants win 10-3, Jesus hit a homer and five singles off six different Chicago pitchers, and only one of the singles was ever in doubt. That was a slow roller to the left side of the infield in the seventh inning, and he beat it out for a base hit.

THE READERS TAKE OVER

WORKING FANS

Sirs:

Another All-Star Game has come and gone with practically no one to see it. Oh, sure, the 50,000 or so people in Shea Stadium had a good time, as did the housewives and the night watchmen who were around to see it on TV.

But the hard core of American baseball fandom, the daytime-working male population, did not see the game, and probably never will the way things have been going. The All-Star Game, if it is worth playing at all, should be played at night, when it would have a decent TV audience. The working baseball fan deserves a break somewhere along the line.

MIKE BLOCK

Skoobie, Ill.

RICH RICK

Sirs:

That article on Rick Richhardt (*The Richest Boys Baby Ever*, July 6) was just great. It is refreshing to find that our national sport still thrives on clean living.

I have only one complaint. Author Edwin Shraake describes Rick's fondness for family life, but all you show us is his new baseball "family." How about a look at the rest of the Richhardts?

SANFORD PETERS

New York City

● See below. —ED.

Sirs:

The practice of giving rich bonuses to young, untitled baseball players is getting out of line.

Surely the Commissioner of Baseball and the owners could formulate a plan to curb this before it financially ruins both the owners and the game of baseball. I would suggest a draft with no bonus, so that the last-place teams would have first choice on these talented youngsters. After these young men have proved to be capable of playing major league baseball, then a bonus could be paid.

Your article about Rick Richhardt is what really upset me. I am convinced that this young man is above average and I wish him success in his career with the Angels. The thing that makes me sad is that, as it appears, he didn't really need the money. Are we trying to develop good citizens in baseball—or only money-seeking individuals?

MRS. WILLIAM L. CLARK

Shawnee Mission, Kans.

DARK OUTLOOK

Sirs:

The Phillies have the best rookie crop in the National League (Richie Allen, John Herrington, John Briggs, Danny Cater, Rick Wise and Dave Bennett), the deepest pitching staff (Jim "El Perfecho" Banning, Dennis Bennett, Art Mahaffey, Chris Short, Ray Culp, Jack Baldschun, Ed Roebuck, Dallas Green, Cal McLish, Rick Wise and Dave Bennett), a spectacular defense, the All-Star

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THE RICHHARDTS, ready and able to field a team of their own, are (left to right) Jackie, 16, Carol, 8, Sue, 20, Ann, 13, Dad, 10, Mom, Priscilla, 17, Ed, 6, and Mary, 15.

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19TH HOLE (continued)

Game hero and one of baseball's all-round greats (John Callison), the surprise star of the year (Cookie Rojas) and baseball's best manager (Gene Mauch). So what do we get? *Time of Trial for Alvin Dark* (July 6). Just who's leading this league, anyway?

DAVE HARRIS

Wilmington, Del.

Sirs:

Robert Boyle makes a lot of noise about Dark's "problem" of getting the team to hit as it should and then says that this isn't a problem at all because of Dark's strategy of winning games by scoring three or four runs. He also fails to make any mention of the fact that the Giants are leading the National League in home runs. Boyle makes a big thing about Dark's offbeat managing strategy, but fails to mention that the Giants have been either first or second for the whole season and that this strategy has kept the Giants from going into the usual "June swoon."

The only good thing about the article was the excellent portrait of Dark on the cover.

NELSON M. BROWN

San Francisco

STIMP GOLF

Sirs:

You've probably gotten a thousand or so letters saying the same thing, but I simply can't resist: congratulations! You have found the first woman golfer with whom men would be delighted to play (Prior, July 6).

JIM BRANNON

Corpus Christi, Texas

LOW SCORE

Sirs:

The professional golf tour apparently has developed a new phenomenon in George Low (*A High Kind of Low*, July 6). He spends \$50,000 a year of other people's money while living the life of Riley. Be that as it may, I cannot understand Palmer and Nicklaus, two of the best in the world, taking putting lessons from this character. Would Paderewski have taken a piano lesson from Peter Zilkha?

RAYMOND E. NORTH

Pinchard, N.C.

SAFETY ZONE

Sirs:

You quote Indianapolis 500 winner A. J. Foyt as saying, "I know I feel safer on a race track with the traffic going in the same direction and good drivers behind the wheels than I do on Houston expressways" (Sportsman, July 29).

Subjectively aside, here at the California Division of Highways we have long doubted the factual validity of such statements, so the week before the recent Indianapolis 500

one of our traffic engineers conducted a comparative study regarding fatalities on California state highways and in the Memorial Day classic.

Results prove that if the same proportion of deaths had occurred on California highways as on the Indianapolis track, the Bureau West Coast profession would have been embalming, for California's public roads would have been littered with 3,025,000 corpses in 1962 alone.

Since its inception in 1911 through 1963, the fatality rate at Indianapolis projects to 3,930 dead for every 100 million miles driven. In comparison, the amateurs behind the wheels of California automobiles have a freeway record of 2.9 fatalities per 100 million miles.

We can't comment on Houston expressways, but A. J. would have been at least 1,900 times safer on a California freeway than he was during his recent Memorial Day outings. In fact, his chances of survival would have increased by 133,424%.

LASLUS KORIEZ

Sacramento, Calif.

MUSICAL FRANCHISES

Sirs:

Last week Mr. C. Stafford Smythe, president of the Toronto Maple Leafs, moved the Denver franchise in the Western Hockey League to Victoria, British Columbia. This is an obscure event in the national and international sports picture, but this game of playing "musical franchises" for the sole purpose of turning a quick profit is pervading all sports in increasing numbers. The same promoters who beg for the fan's support do not hesitate to move on to greener pastures without the slightest explanation to the paying customer.

As a result, Denver has lost a professional hockey team—a team that was shackled with inadequate publicity at its inception, hampered by poor scheduling (24 of its 35 home games were completed before Jan. 1, in direct conflict with college and professional football), and hurt at the gate by its own superiority over the rest of the league entrants. At the end of the first half of the 1963-64 schedule the Denver Invaders possessed an insurmountable lead over the second-place team. In spite of these drawbacks, the Invaders built a solid following of more than 2,000 fans their first season in a town that is not known for its hockey consciousness. The season-ticket drive for 1964-65 was in full swing with 1,549 pledges for season tickets—more than 1,000 of them from the individual citizens of our city.

On the surface most of these moves are not only a momentary favor, and then all is forgotten. However, the long-term result is to alienate many potential sports dollars throughout the country in all of professional sport.

JAMES M. O'HARA

Denver

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